



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600059488/

39.

592.

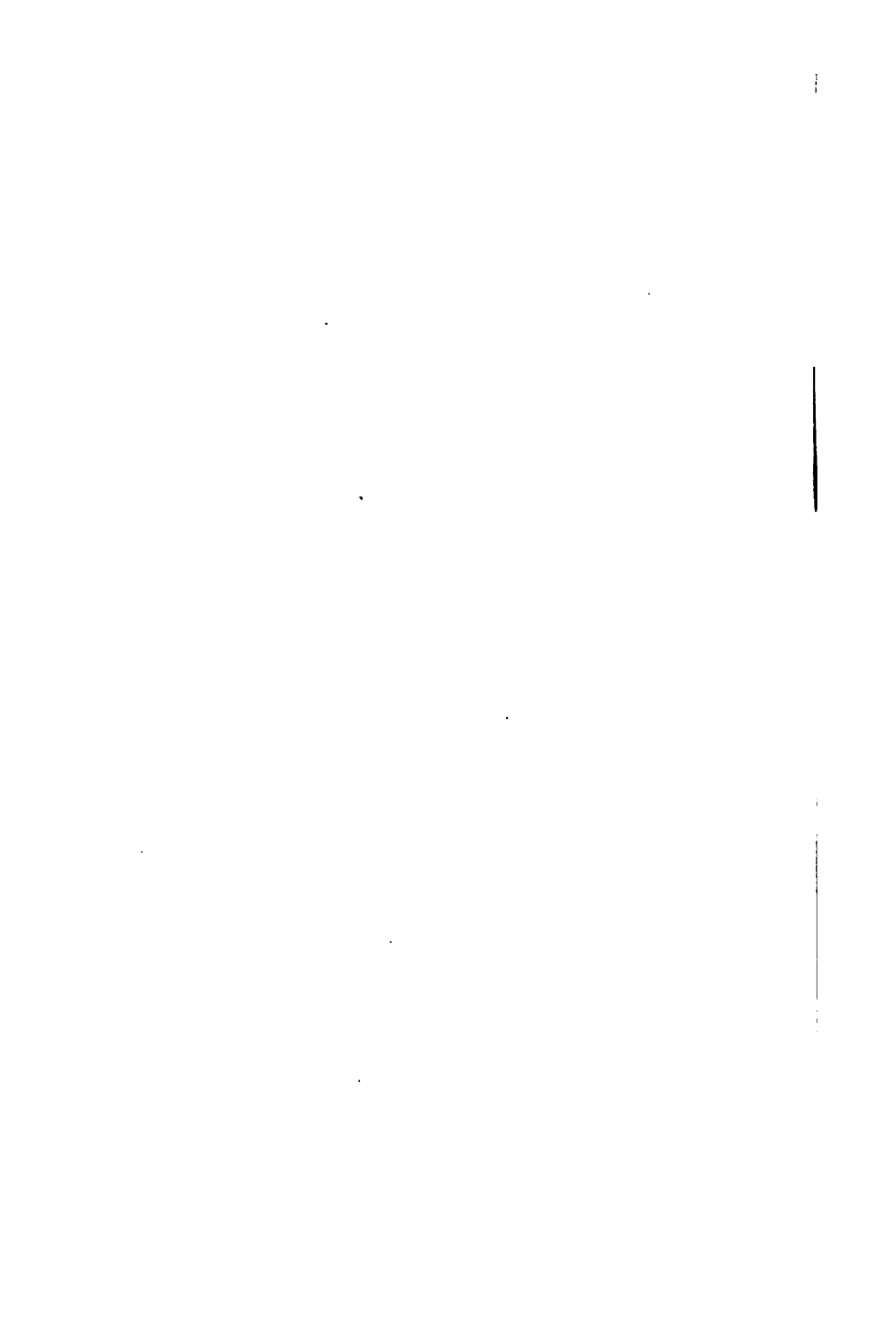


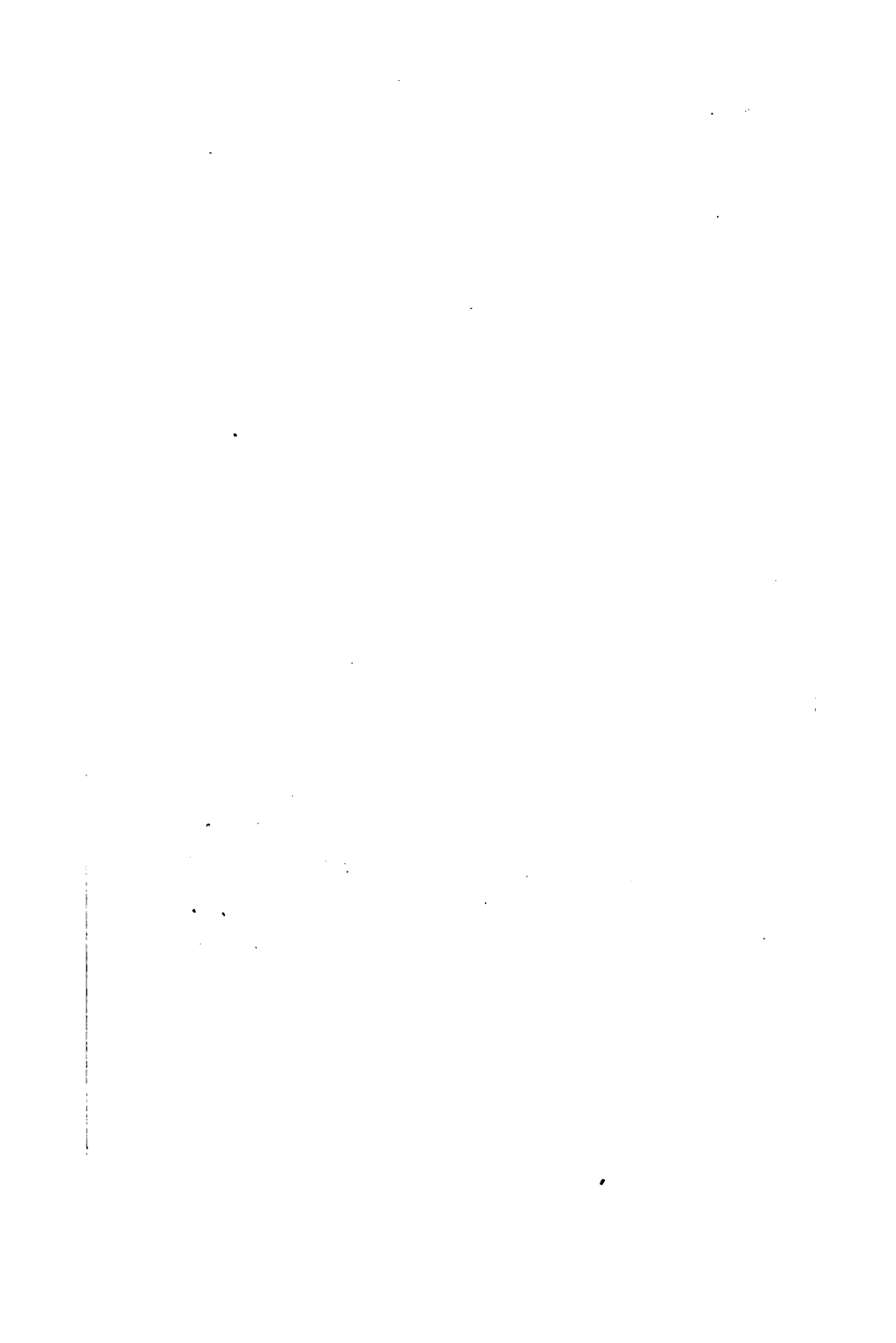




6000







PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY:

A BOOK OF

THOUGHTS AND ARGUMENTS,

ORIGINALLY TREATED.

BY

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, ESQ. M. A.

Third Edition,

REVISED AND ENLARGED.



LONDON:

JOSEPH RICKERBY, SHERBOURN LANE,

KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY.

1839.

592
270. f. 240.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY JOSEPH RICKHART,
SHERBOURN LANE.

THE PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE satisfactory sale of the first edition of this work, and the highly favourable notices which it commanded, have induced the Publisher to issue this second edition in a form more portable, and at a reduced price; in the hope that its circulation may be commensurate with its acknowledged merits as a work of much original thought, felicitous power of expression, and high moral tendency.

The whole has undergone the careful revision of the Author, and the volume is very considerably enlarged; indeed, to the extent of nearly one third of the former edition.

J. R.

September, 1838.

PREFATORY.

THOUGHTS, that have tarried in my mind, and peopled
its inner chambers,
The sober children of reason, or desultory train of
fancy ;
Clear running wine of conviction, with the scum and the
lees of speculation ;
Corn from the sheaves of science, with stubble from mine
own garner ;
Searchings after Truth, that have tracked her secret
lodes,
And come up again to the surface-world, with a know-
ledge grounded deeper ;
Arguments of high scope, that have soared to the key-
stone of heaven,
And thence have swooped to their certain mark, as the
falcon to its quarry ;

The fruits I have gathered of prudence, the ripened
harvest of my musings,
These commend I unto thee, O docile scholar of Wisdom,
These I give to thy gentle heart, thou lover of the
right.

What, though a guilty man renew that hallowed
theme,
And strike with feebler hand the harp of Sirach's son ?
What, though a youthful tongue take up that ancient
parable,
And utter faintly forth dark sayings as of old ?
Sweet is the virgin honey, though the wild bee have
stored it in a reed,
And bright the jewelled band, that circleth an Ethiop's
arm ;
Pure are the grains of gold in the turbid stream of
Ganges,
And fair the living flowers, that spring from the dull
cold sod.
Wherefore, thou gentle student, bend thine ear to my
speech,
For I also am as thou art ; our hearts can commune
together :
The meanest matters will I stoop, for mean is the lot of
mortal ;

I will rise to noblest themes, for the soul hath an heritage
of glory ;
The passions of puny man ; the majestic characters of
God ;
The feverish shadows of time, and the mighty substance
of eternity.

Commend thy mind unto candour, and grudge not as
though thou hadst a teacher,
Nor scorn angelic Truth, for the sake of her evil
herald ;
Heed not him, but hear his words, and care not whence
they come ;
The viewless winds might whisper them, the billows roar
them forth,
The mean unconscious sedge sigh them in the ear of
evening,
Or the mind of pride conceive, and the mouth of folly
speak them.
Lo now, I stand not forth laying hold on spear and
buckler,
I come a man of peace, to comfort, not to combat ;
With soft persuasive speech to charm thy patient ear,
Giving the hand of fellowship, acknowledging the heart
of sympathy :
Let us walk together as friends in the shaded paths of
meditation,

Nor Judgment set his seal until he hath poised his
balance ;

That the chastenings of mild reproof may meet unwitting
error,

And Charity not be a stranger at the board that is spread
for brothers.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
THE WORDS OF WISDOM ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	17
OF TRUTH IN THINGS FALSE ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	21
OF ANTICIPATION ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	27
OF HIDDEN USES ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	31
OF COMPENSATION ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	39
OF INDIRECT INFLUENCES ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	48
OF MEMORY ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	57
THE DREAM OF AMBITION ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	64
OF SUBJECTION ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	69
OF REST ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	86
OF SHOWING HUMILITY ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	91
OF SEARCHING FOR PRIDE ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	98
OF EXPERIENCE ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	102
OF ESTIMATING CHARACTER ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	106
OF HATRED AND ANGER ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	121
OF GOOD IN THINGS EVIL ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	124
THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRAYER ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	133
THE LORD'S PRAYER ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	141
OF DISCRETION ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	144
OF TRIFLES ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	151
OF RECREATION ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	156

	PAGE.
THE TRAIN OF RELIGION ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	163
OF A TRINITY ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	168
OF THINKING ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	175
OF SPEAKING ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	187
OF READING ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	195
OF WRITING ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	199
OF WEALTH ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	205
OF INVENTION ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	215
OF RIDICULE AND LAUGHTER ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	221
OF COMMENDATION ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	226
OF SELF-ACQUAINTANCE ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	234
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	245
OF FRIENDSHIP ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	250
OF LOVE ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	258
OF MARRIAGE ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	263
OF EDUCATION ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	272
OF TOLERANCE ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	289
OF SORROW ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	296
OF JOY ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	300
NOTES ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~ ~~~	305

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE WORDS OF WISDOM.

Few and precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter :

To what shall their rarity be likened ? What price shall count their worth ?

Perfect, and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches,

No lovely thing on earth can picture their fair beauty.

They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of Oblivion,

Which Diligence loveth to gather, and hang around the neck of Memory :

They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the blessed,

Which Thought carefully tendeth, in the kindly garden of the heart :

They be sproutings of an harvest for eternity, bursting through the tilth of time,

Green promise of the golden wheat, that formeth angels' food :

They be drops of the crystal dew, which the wings of seraphs scatter,

When on some brighter sabbath, their plumes quiver most with delight :

Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

Yet more, for the half is not said, of their might and dignity and value ;

For life-giving be they and glorious, redolent of sanctity and heaven.

As the fumes of hallowed incense, that veil the throne of the Most High ;

As the beaded bubbles that sparkle on the rim of the cup of immortality ;

As wreaths of the rainbow spray, from the pure cataracts of Truth :

Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

Yet once again loving student, suffer the praises of thy teacher,

For verily the sun of the mind, and the life of the heart is Wisdom.

She is pure and full of light, crowning grey hairs with lustre,

And kindling the eye of youth with a fire not its
own ;

And her words, whereunto canst thou liken them ? for
earth cannot show their peers :

They be grains of the diamond sand, the radiant floor of
heaven,

Rising in sunny dust behind the chariot of God ;

They be flashes of the day-spring from on high, shed
from the windows of the skies ;

They be streams of living waters, fresh from the fountain
of Intelligence :

Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of
Wisdom utter.

For these shall guide thee well, and guard thee on thy
way ;

And wanting all beside, with these shalt thou be rich :

Though all around be woe, these shall make thee happy ;

Though all within be pain, these shall bring thee health ;

Thy good shall grow into ripeness, thine evil wither and
decay,

And Wisdom's words shall sweetly charm thy doubtful
into virtues :

Meanness shall then be frugal care ; where shame was,
thou art modest ;

Cowardice riseth into caution, rashness is sobered into
courage :

The wrathful spirit, rendering a reason, standeth justified
in anger :

The idle hand hath fair excuse, propping the thoughtful
forehead.

Life shall have no labyrinth but thy steps can track it,
For thou hast a silken clue, to lead thee through the
darkness :

The rampant Minotaur of ignorance shall perish at thy
coming,

And thine enfranchised fellows hail thy white victorious
sails.(¹)

Wherefore, friend and scholar, hear the words of Wis-
dom ;

Whether she speaketh to thy soul in the full chords of
revelation ;

In the teaching earth, or air, or sea ; in the still melodies
of thought ;

Or, haply, in the humbler strains that would detain thee
here.

OF TRUTH IN THINGS FALSE.

ERROR is a hardy plant : it flourisheth in every soil ;
In the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked
and foolish :
For there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some
lines of truth,
Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some
wholesome use :
And the just man, enamoured of the right, is blinded by
the speciousness of wrong,
And the prudent, perceiving an advantage, is content to
overlook the harm.
On all things created remaineth the half-effaced signature
of God,
Somewhat of fair and good, though blotted by the finger
of corruption :
And if error cometh in like a flood, it mixeth with streams
of truth ;
And the Adversary loveth to have it so, for thereby
many are decoyed.

Providence is dark in its permissions ; yet one day, when
all is known,
The universe of reason shall acknowledge how just and
good were they ;
For the wise man leaneth on his wisdom, and the righteous
trusteth to his righteousness,
And those who thirst for independence, are suffered to
drink of disappointment.
Wherefore ?—to prove and humble them ; and to teach
the idolators of Truth,
That it is but the ladder unto Him, on whom only they
should trust.

There is truth in the wildest scheme that imaginative
heat hath engendered,
And a man may gather somewhat from the crudest theories
of fancy :
The alchemist laboureth in folly, but catcheth chance
gleams of wisdom,
And findeth out many inventions, though his crucible
breed not gold ;
The sinner, toying with witchcraft, thinketh to delude
his fellows,
But there be very spirits of evil, and—what if they come
at his bidding ?
He is a bold bad man who dareth to tamper with the
dead ;

For their whereabouts lieth in a mystery,—that vestibule
leading to Eternity,
The waiting-room for unclad ghosts, before the presence-
chamber of their King :
Mind may act upon mind, though bodies be far di-
vided ;
For the life is in the blood, but souls communicate un-
seen :
And the heat of an excited intellect, radiating to its
fellows,
Doth kindle dry leaves afar off, while the green wood
around it is unwarmed.
The dog may have a spirit, as well as his brutal master :
A spirit to live in happiness ; for why should he be
robbed of his existence ?
Hath he not a conscience of evil, a glimmer of moral
sense,
Love and hatred, courage and fear, and visible shame and
pride ?
There may be a future rest for the patient victims of
the cruel ;
And a season allotted for their bliss, to compensate for
unjust suffering.
Spurn not at seeming error, but dig below its surface for
the truth ;
And beware of seeming truths, that grow on the roots of
error :

For comely are the apples that spring from the Dead
Sea's cursed shore ;
But within are they dust and ashes, and the hand that
plucked them shall rue it.

A frequent similar effect argueth a constant cause :
Yet who hath counted the links that bind an omen to its
issue ?
Who hath expounded the law that rendereth calamities
gregarious,
Pressing down with yet more woes the heavily-laden
mourner ?
Who knoweth wherefore a monsoon should swell the
sails of the prosperous,
Blithely speeding on their course the children of good-
luck ?
Who hath companied a vision from the horn or ivory
gate, (*)
Or met another's mind in his, and explained its pre-
sence ?
There is a secret somewhat in antipathies ; and love is
more than fancy ;
Yea, and a palpable notice warneth of an instant danger ;
For the soul hath its feelers, cobwebs floating on the
wind,
That catch events in their approach with sure and apt
presentiment,

So that some halo of attraction heraldeth a coming
friend,

Investing in his likeness the stranger that passed on be-
fore;

And while the word is in thy mouth, behold thy word
fulfilled,

And he of whom we spake can answer for himself.

O man, little hast thou learnt of truth in things most
true,

How therefore shall thy blindness wot of truth in things
most false ?

Thou hast not yet perceived the causes of life or mo-
tion,

How then canst thou define the subtle sympathies of
mind ?

For the spirit, sharpest and strongest when disease hath
rent the body,

Hath welcomed kindred spirits in nightly visitations,

Or learnt from restless ghosts dark secrets of the li-
ving,

And helped slow justice to her prey by the dreadful
teaching of a dream.

Verily, there is nothing so true, that the damps of error
have not warped it ;

Verily, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth
is not in it.

For the enemy, the father of lies, the giant Upas of creation,

Whose deadly shade hath blasted this once green garden
of the Lord,

Can but pervert the good, but may not create the
evil :

He destroyeth, but cannot build; for he is not antagonist deity :

Mighty is his stolen power, yet is he a creature and a
subject ;

Not a maker of abstract wrong, but a spoiler of concrete
right :

The fiend hath not a royal crown : he is but a prowling
robber,

Suffered, for some mysterious end, to haunt the King's
highway ;

And the keen sword he beareth, once was a simple
ploughshare ;

Yea, and his panoply of errors is but distortion of a
truth :

The sickle that once reaped righteousness, beaten from
its useful curve,

With axe, and spike, and bar, headeth the marauder's
halbert.

Seek not further, O man, to solve the dark riddle of sin ;
Suffice it, that thine own bad heart is to thee thine origin of evil.

OF ANTICIPATION.

THOU hast seen many sorrows, travel-stained pilgrim of
the world,
But that which hath vexed thee most, hath been the look-
ing for evil ;
And though calamities have crossed thee, and misery
been heaped on thy head,
Yet ills that never happened, have chiefly made thee
wretched.
The sting of pain and the edge of pleasure are blunted
by long expectation,
For the gall and the balm alike are diluted in the waters
of patience ;
And often thou sippest sweetness, ere the cup is dashed
from thy lip,
And drainest the gall of fear, while evil is passing by
thy dwelling.

A man too careful of danger liveth in continual torment,

But a cheerful expecter of the best hath a fountain of joy within him :

Yea, though the breath of disappointment should chill the sanguine heart,

Speedily gloweth it again, warmed by the live embers of hope ;

Though the black and heavy surge close above the head for a moment,

Yet the happy buoyancy of Confidence riseth superior to Despair.

Verily, evils may be courted, may be wooed and won by distrust ;

For the wise Physician of our weal loveth not an unbelieving spirit,

And to those giveth he good, who rely on his hand for good ;

And those leaveth he to evil, who fear, but trust Him not.

Ask for good, and hope it ; for the ocean of good is fathomless :

Ask for good, and have it ; for thy Friend would see thee happy :

But to the timid heart, to the child of unbelief and dread,

That leaneth on his own weak staff, and trusteth the sight of his eyes,

The evil he feared shall come, for the soil is ready for
the seed,

And suspicion hath coldly put aside the hand that was
ready to help him.

Therefore look up, sad spirit; be strong, thou coward
heart,

Or fear will make thee wretched, though evil follow not
behind :

Cease to anticipate misfortune,—there are still many
chances of escape ;

But if it come, be courageous: face it, and conquer thy
calamity.

There is not an enemy so stout, as to storm and take the
fortress of the mind,

Unless its infirmity turn traitor, and Fear unbar the
gates.

The valiant standeth as a rock, and the billows break
upon him ;

The timorous is a skiff unmoored, tost and mocked at by
a ripple :

The valiant holdeth fast to good, till evil wrench it from
him ;

The timorous casteth it aside to meet the worst half
way :

Yet oftentimes is evil but a braggart, that provoketh
and will not fight,

Or the feint of a subtle fencer, who measureth his thrust
elsewhere ;

Or perchance a blessing in a masque, sent to try thy
trust,

The precious smiting of a friend, whose frowns are all in
love :

Often the storm threateneth, but is driven to other
climes,

And the weak hath quailed in fear, while the firm hath
been glad in his confidence.

OF HIDDEN USES.



THE sea-wort⁽³⁾ floating on the waves, or rolled up high
along the shore,

Ye counted useless and vile, heaping on it names of contempt :

Yet hath it gloriously triumphed, and man been humbled in his ignorance,

For health is in the freshness of its savour, and it cumbereth the beach with wealth ;

Comforting the tossings of pain with its violet-tinctured essence,

And by its humbler ashes enriching many proud.

Be this then a lesson to thy soul, that thou reckon nothing worthless,

Because thou heedest not its use, nor knowest the virtues thereof.

And herein, as thou walkest by the sea, shall weeds be a type and an earnest

Of the stored and uncounted riches lying hid in all creatures of God :

There be flowers making glad the desert, and roots fattening the soil,

And jewels in the secret deep, scattered among groves of coral,

And comforts to crown all wishes, and aids unto every need,

Influences yet unthought, and virtues, and many inventions,

And uses above and around, which man hath not yet regarded.

Not long to charm away disease, hath the crocus (‘) yielded up its bulb,

Nor the willow lent its bark, nor the nightshade its vanquished poison ;

Not long hath the twisted leaf, the fragrant gift of China,

Nor that nutritious root, the boon of far Peru,

Nor the many-coloured dahlia, nor the gorgeous flaunting cactus,

Nor the multitude of fruits and flowers ministered to life and luxury :

Even so, there be virtues yet unknown in the wasted foliage of the elm,

In the sun-dried harebell of the downs, and the hyacinth drinking in the meadow,

In the sycamore's winged fruit, and the facet-cut cones
of the cedar :

And the pansy and bright geranium live not alone for
beauty,

Nor the waxen flower of the arbut, though it dieth in a
day,

Nor the sculptured crest of the fir, unseen but by the
stars :

And the meanest weed of the garden serveth unto many
uses,

The salt tamarisk, and juicy flag, the freckled arum, and
the daisy.

The world may laugh at famine, when forest-trees yield
bread,

When acorns give out fragrant drink,(*) and the sap of
the linden is as fatness :

For every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel,

Is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man.

Yet Mind is up and stirring, and pryeth in the corners of
contrivance,

Often from the dark recesses picking out bright seeds of
truth :

Knowledge hath clipped the lightning's wings, and
mewed it up for a purpose,

Training to some domestic task the fiery bird of heaven ;

Tamed is the spirit of the storm, to slave in all peaceful
arts,

To walk with husbandry and science; to stand in the
vanguard against death :
And the chemist balanceth his elements with more than
magic skill,
Commanding stones that they be bread, and draining
sweetness out of wormwood.
Yet man, heedless of a God, counteth up vain reckon-
ings,
Fearing to be jostled and starved out, by the too prolific
increase of his kind ;
And asketh, in unbelieving dread, for how few years to
come
Will the black cellars of the world yield unto him fuel
for his winter.
Might not the wide waste sea be pent within narrower
bounds ?
Might not the arm of diligence make the tangled wilder-
ness a garden ?
And for aught thou canst tell, there may be a thousand
methods
Of comforting thy limbs in warmth, though thou kindle
not a spark.
Fear not, son of man, for thyself nor thy seed :—with a
multitude is plenty ;
God's blessing giveth increase, and with it larger than
enough.

Search out the wisdom of nature, there is depth in all her doings ;

She seemeth prodigal of power, yet her rules are the maxims of frugality :

The plant refresheth the air, and the earth filtereth the water,

And the water is sucked into the cloud, and droppeth its fatness on the earth :

She hath, on a mighty scale, a general use for all things ;

Yet hath she specially for each its microscopic purpose :

There is use in the prisoned air, that swelleth the pods of the laburnum ;

Design in the venom'd thorns, that sentinel the leaves of the nettle ;

A final cause for the aromatic gum, that congealeth the moss around a rose ;

A reason for each blade of grass, that reareth its small spire.

How knoweth discontented man what a train of ills might follow,

If the lowest menial of nature knew not her secret office ?

If the thistle never sprang up to mock the loose husbandry of indolence,

Or the pestilence never swept off an unknown curse from among men ?

Would ye crush the buzzing myriads that float on the breath of evening ?

Would ye trample the creatures of God that people the
rotting fruit ?

Would ye suffer no mildew forests to stain the unhealthy
wall,

Nor a noisome savour to exhale from the pool that breed-
eth disease ?

Pain is useful unto man, for it teacheth him to guard his
life,

And the fetid vapours of the fen warn him to fly from
danger :

And the meditative mind, looking on, winneth good food
for its hunger,

Seeing the wholesome root bring forth a poisonous berry ;
For otherwhile falleth it out that truth, driven to ex-
tremities,

Yieldeth bitter folly as the spoilt fruit of wisdom.

O, blinded is thine eye, if it see not just aptitude in all
things ;

O, frozen is thy heart, if it glow not with gratitude for
all things :

In the perfect circle of creation not an atom could be
spared,

From earth's magnetic zone, to the bindweed round a
hawthorn.

The eagle, and the beetle at his feet, hath each a minis-
tration to perform :

The briar and the palm have the wages of life, rendering
secret service.

Neither is it thus alone with the definite existences of
matter ;

But motion and sound, circumstance and quality, yea, all
things have their office.

The zephyr playing with an aspen-leaf,—the earthquake
that rendeth a continent ;

The moon-beam silvering a ruined arch,—the desert wave
dashing up a pyramid ;

The thunder of jarring icebergs,—the stops of a shepherd's
pipe ;

The howl of the tiger in the glen,—and the wood-dove
calling to her mate ;

The vulture's cruel rage,—the grace of the stately
swan ;

The fierceness looking from the lynx's eye, and the dull
stupor of the sloth :

To these, and to all, is there added each its use, though
man considereth it lightly ;

For Power hath ordained nothing which Economy saw
not needful.

All things being are essential to the vast ubiquity of
God ;

Neither is there one thing overmuch, nor freed from ho-
nourable servitude.

Were there not a need-be of wisdom, nothing would be
as it is ;

For essence without necessity argueth a moral weakness.
We look through a glass darkly, we catch but glimpses
of truth ;

But, doubtless, the sailing of a cloud hath Providence to
its pilot ;

Doubtless, the root of an oak is gnarled for a special
purpose ;

The foreknown station of a rush is as fixed as the station
of a king,

And chaff from the hand of the winnower, steered as the
stars in their courses.

Man liveth only in himself, but the Lord liveth in all
things ;

And his pervading unity quickeneth the whole creation.

Man doeth one thing at once, nor can he think two
thoughts together ;

But God compasseth all things, mantling the globe like
air :

And we render homage to his wisdom, seeing use in all
his creatures,

For, perchance, the universe would die, were not all
things as they are.

OF COMPENSATION.

EQUAL is the government of heaven in allotting pleasures
among men,

And just the everlasting law, that hath wedded happiness to virtue :

For verily on all things else broodeth disappointment
with care,

That childish man may be taught the shallowness of
earthly enjoyment.

Wherefore, ye that have enough, envy ye the rich man
his abundance ?

Wherefore, daughters of affluence, covet ye the cottager's
content ?

Take the good with the evil, for ye are all pensioners of
God,

And none may choose or refuse the cup His wisdom
mixeth.

The poor man rejoiceth at his toil, and his daily bread
is sweet to him ;

Content with present good, he looketh not for evil to the
future :

The rich man languisheth with sloth, and findeth pleasure
in nothing,

He locketh up care with his gold, and feareth the fickleness
of fortune.

Can a cup contain within itself the measure of a
bucket ?

Or the straitened appetites of man drink more than
their fill of luxury ?

There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of
wealth be boundless ;

And the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of
moderation.

Also, though penury and pain be real and bitter
evils,

I would reason with the poor afflicted, for he is not so
wretched as he seemeth.

What right hath an offender to complain, though others
escape punishment,

If the stripes of earned misfortune overtake him in his
sin ?

Wherefore not endure with resignation the evils thou
canst not avert ?

For the coward pain will flee, if thou meet him as a
man.

Consider, whatever be thy fate, that it might and ought
to have been worse,

And that it lieth in thy hand, to gather even blessing
from afflictions.

Bethink thee, wherefore were they sent ? and hath not
use blunted their keenness ?

Need hope, and patience, and courage, be strangers to
the meanest hovel ?

Thou art in an evil case,—it were cruel to deny to thee
compassion,

But there is not unmitigated ill in the sharpest of this
world's sorrows ;

I touch not the sore of thy guilt ; but of human griefs I
counsel thee,

Cast off the weakness of regret, and gird thee to redeem
thy loss :

Thou hast gained, in the furnace of affliction, self-know-
ledge, patience and humility,

And these be as precious ore, that waiteth the skill of the
coiner :

Despise not the blessings of adversity, nor the gain thou
hast earned so hardly,

And now thou hast drained the bitter, take heed that
thou lose not the sweet.

Power is seldom innocent, and envy is the yoke-fellow of eminence ;

And the rust of the miser's riches wasteth his soul as a canker.

The poor man counteth not the cost at which such wealth hath been purchased ;

He would be on the mountain's top, without the toil and travail of the climbing.

But equity demandeth recompense : for high-place, calumny and care ;

For state, comfortless splendour eating out the heart of home ;

For warrior fame, dangers and death ; for a name among the learned, a spirit overstrained ;

For honour of all kinds, the goad of ambition ; on every acquirement, the tax of anxiety.

He that would change with another, must take the cup as it is mixed :

Poverty, with largeness of heart ; or a full purse, with a sordid spirit ;

Wisdom, in an ailing body ; or a common mind, with health :

Godliness, with man's scorn ; or the welcome of the mighty, with guilt :

Beauty, with a fickle heart ; or plainness of face, with affection.

For so hath Providence determined, that a man shall
not easily discover

Unmingled good or evil, to quicken his envy or abhor-
rence.

A bold man or a fool must he be, who would change his
lot with another ;

It were a fearful bargain, and mercy hath lovingly re-
fused it :

For we know the worst of ourselves, but the secrets of
another we see not,

And better is certain bad, than the doubt and dread of
worse.

Just, and strong, and opportune is the moral rule of
God ;

Ripe in its times, firm in its judgments, equal in the
measure of its gifts :

Yet men, scanning the surface, count the wicked
happy,

Nor heed the compensating peace, which gladdeneth
the good in his afflictions.

They see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad
man's pillow,

Like wreathed adders crawling round his midnight
conscience ;

They hear not the terrible suggestions, that knock at the
portal of his will,

Provoking to wipe away from life the one weak witness
of the deed ;

They know not the torturing suspicions that sting his
panting breast,

When the clear eye of penetration quietly readeth off
the truth.

Likewise of the good what know they ? the memories
bringing pleasure,

Shrined in the heart of the benevolent, and glistening
from his eye ;

The calm self-justifying reason that establisheth the
upright in his purpose ;

The warm and gushing bliss that floodeth all the thoughts
of the religious.

Many a beggar at the cross-way, or grey-haired shepherd
on the plain,

Hath more of the end of all wealth, than hundreds who
multiply the means.

Moreover, a moral compensation reacheth to the secrecy
of thought :

For if thou wilt think evil of thy neighbour, soon shalt
thou have him for thy foe ;

And yet he may know nothing of the cause that maketh
thee distasteful to his soul,—

The cause of unkind suspicion, for which thou hast thy
punishment :

And if thou think of him in charity, wishing or praying
for his weal,

He shall not guess the secret charm that lureth his
soul to love thee.

For just is retributive ubiquity: Sampson did sin with
Dalilah,

And his eyes and captive strength were forfeit to the
Philistine :

Jacob robbed his brother, and sorrow was his portion to
the grave :

David must fly before his foes, yea though his guilt is
covered :

And He, who seeming old in youth,⁽⁶⁾ was marred for
others' sin,

For every special crime must bear its special penalty:

By luxury, or rashness, or vice, the member that hath
erred suffereth,—

And therefore the Sacrifice for all was pained at every
pore.

Alike to the slave and his oppressor cometh night with
sweet refreshment,

And half of the life of the most wretched is gladdened
by the soothings of sleep.

Pain addeth zest unto pleasure, and teacheth the luxury
of health ;

There is a joy in sorrow, which none but a mourner
can know ;

Madness hath imaginary bliss, and most men have no
more ;

Age hath its quiet calm, and youth enjoyeth not for
haste :

Daily, in the midst of its beatitude, the righteous soul is
vexed ;

And even the misery of guilt doth attain to the bliss of
pardon.

Who, in the face of the born-blind, ever looked on other
than content ?

And the deaf ear listeneth within to the silent music of
the heart.

There is evil poured upon the earth from the overflow-
ings of corruption,—

Sickness, and poverty, and pain, and guilt, and madness,
and sorrow ;

But, as the water from a fountain riseth and sinketh to
its level,

Ceaselessly toileth justice to equalize the lots of men.

For habit, and hope, and ignorance, and the being but
one of a multitude,

And strength of reason in the sage, and dullness of feel-
ing in the fool,

And the light elasticity of courage, and the calm resig-
nation of meekness,

And the stout endurance of decision, and the weak
carelessness of apathy,
And helps invisible but real, and ministerings not un-
felt,
Angelic aid with worldly discomfiture, bodily loss with
the soul's gain,
Secret griefs, and silent joys, thorns in the flesh, and
cordials for the spirit,
(—Short of the insuperable barrier dividing innocence
from guilt,—)
Go far to level all things, by the gracious rule of Com-
pensation.

OF INDIRECT INFLUENCES.

FACE thy foe in the field, and perchance thou wilt meet
thy master,
For the sword is chained to his wrist, and his armour
buckled for the battle ;
But find him when he looketh not for thee, aim between
the joints of his harness,
And the crest of his pride will be humbled, his cruelty
will bite the dust.
Beard not a lion in his den, but fashion the secret pitfall,
So shalt thou conquer the strong, thyself triumphing in
weakness.
The hurricane rageth fiercely, and the promontory
standeth in its might,
Breasting the artillery of heaven, as darts glance from
the crocodile :
But the small continual creeping of the silent footsteps
of the sea

Mineth the wall of adamant, and stealthily compasseth
its ruin.

The weakness of accident is strong, where the strength
of design is weak :

And a casual analogy convinceth, when a mind beareth
not argument.

Will not a man listen ? be silent ; and prove thy maxim
by example :

Never fear, thou lovest not thy hold, though thy mouth
doth not render a reason.

Contend not in wisdom with a fool, for thy sense mak-
eth much of his conceit ;

And some errors never would have thriven, had it not
been for learned refutation.

Yea, much evil hath been caused by an honest wrestler
for truth,

And much of unconscious good, by the man that hated
wisdom :

For the intellect judgeth closely, and if thou overstep
thy argument,

Or seem not consistent with thyself, or fail in thy direct
purpose,

The mind that went along with thee, shall stop and re-
turn without thee,

And thou shalt have raised a foe, where thou mightest
have won a friend.

Hints shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit,
Where a bare-faced accusation would be too ridiculous
for calumny :

The sly suggestion toucheth nerves, and nerves contract
the fronds,

And the sensitive mimosa of affection trembleth to its
root ;

And friendships, the growth of half a century, those oaks
that laugh at storms,

Have been cankered in a night by a worm, even as the
prophet's gourd.

Hast thou loved, and not known jealousy ? for a side-
long look

Can please or pain thy heart more than the multitude of
proofs.

Hast thou hated, and not learned that thy silent scorn
Doth deeper aggravate thy foe than loud-cursing ma-
lice ?—

A wise man prevaieth in power, for he screeneth his
battering engine,

But a fool tilteth headlong, and his adversary is aware.

Behold those broken arches, that oriel all unglazed,
That crippled line of columns bleaching in the sun,
The delicate shaft stricken midway, and the flying but-
tress

Idly stretching forth to hold up tufted ivy :

Thinkest thou the thousand eyes that shine with rapture
on a ruin,
Would have looked with half their wonder on the perfect pile ?
And wherefore not—but that light hints, suggesting unseen beauties,
Fill the complacent gazer with self-grown conceits ?
And so, the rapid sketch winneth more praise to the painter,
Than the consummate work elaborated on his easel :
And so, the Helvetic lion sculptured in living rock
Hath more of majesty and force, than lay it on a marble pedestal.

Tell me, daughter of taste, what hath charmed thine ear
in music ?
Is it the laboured theme, the curious fugue or cento,—
Nor rather the sparkles of intelligence flashing from some strange note,
Or the soft melody of sounds far sweeter for simplicity ?
Tell me, thou son of science, what hath filled thy mind in reading ?
Is it the volume of detail, where all is orderly set down
And they that read may run, nor need to stop and think ;
The book carefully accurate, that counteth thee no better than a fool,

Gorging the passive mind with annotated notes ;—
Nor rather the half-suggested thoughts, the riddles thou
 mayst solve,
The fair ideas, coyly peeping like young loves out of roses,
The quaint arabesque conceptions, half cherub and half
 flower,
The light analogy, or deep allusion, trusted to thy learning,
The confidence implied in thy skill to unravel meaning
 mysteries ?
For ideas are oftentimes shy of the close furniture of
 words,
And thought, wherein only is power, may be best conveyed
 by a suggestion :
The flash that lighteth up a valley, amid the dark
 midnight of a storm,
Coineth the mind with that scene sharper than fifty summers.

A worldly man boasteth in his pride, that there is no
 power but of money ;
And he judgeth the characters of men, by the differing
 measures of their means :
He stealeth all goodly names, as worth, and value, and
 substance,
Which be the ancient heritage of Virtue, but such an one
 ascribeth unto Wealth :

He spurneth the needy sage, whose wisdom hath enriched
nations,

And the sons of poverty and learning, without whom
earth were a desert :

Music, the soother of cares, the tuner of the dank dis-
cordant heart-strings,

It is nought unto such an one but sounds, whereby some
earn their living :

The poem, and the picture, and the statue, to him seem
idle baubles,

Which wealth condescendeth to favour, to gain him the
name of patron.

But little wotteth he the might of the means his folly de-
spiseth ;

He considereth not that these be the wires which move
the puppets of the world.

A sentence hath formed a character,(7) and a character
subdued a kingdom ;

A picture hath ruined souls, or raised them to commerce
with the skies :

The pen hath shaken nations, and stablished the world
in peace ;

And the whole full horn of plenty been filled from the
vial of science.

He regardeth man assensual, the monarch of created matter,
And careth not aught for mind, that linketh him with
spirits unseen :

He feedeth his carcass and is glad, though his soul be
faint and famished,

And the dull brute power of the body bindeth him a cap-
tive to himself.

Man liveth from hour to hour, and knoweth not what may
happen ;

Influences circle him on all sides, and yet must he an-
swer for his actions :

For the being that is master of himself, bendeth events
to his will,

But a slave to selfish passion is the wavering creature of
circumstance.

To this man temptation is a poison, to that man it addeth
vigour ;

And each may render to himself influences good or
evil.

As thou directest the power, harm or advantage will fol-
low,

And the torrent that swept the valley, may be led to turn
a mill ;

The wild electric flash, that could have kindled co-
mets,

May by the ductile wire give ease to an ailing
child.

For outward matter or event, fashion not the character
within,

But each man, yielding or resisting, fashioneth his mind
for himself.

Some have said, What is in a name ?—most potent plastic influence ;

A name is a word of character, and repetition stablisheth the fact :

A word of rebuke, or of honour, tending to obscurity or fame ;

And greatest is the power of a mean, when its power is least suspected.

A low name is a thorn in the side, that hindereth the foot-man in his running ;

But a name of ancestral renown putteth the racer to his speed.

Few men have grown unto greatness, whose names are allied to ridicule,

And many would never have been profligate, but for the splendour of a name.

A wise man scorneth nothing, be it never so small or homely,

For he knoweth not the secret laws, that may bind it to great effects.

The world in its boyhood was credulous, and dreaded the vengeance of the stars,

The world in its dotage is not wiser, fearing not the influence of small things :

Planets govern not the soul, nor guide the destinies of
man,

But trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building
up of character.

A man hath the tiller in his hand, and may steer against
the current,

Or may glide down idly with the stream, till his vessel
founder in the whirlpool.

OF MEMORY.

WHERE art thou, storehouse of the mind, garner of facts
and fancies,—
In what strange firmament are laid the beams of thine
airy chambers?
Or art thou that small cavern,^(*) the centre of the rolling
brain,
Where still one sandy morsel testifieth man's ori-
ginal?
Or hast thou some grand globe, some common hall of
intellect,
Some spacious market-place for thought, where all do
bring their wares,
And gladly rescued from the littleness, the narrow closet
of a self,
The privileged soul hath large access, coming in the li-
very of learning?

Live we as isolated worlds, perfect in substance and
spirit,

Each a sphere, with a special mind, prisoned in its shell
of matter ?

Or rather, as converging radiations, parts of one majestic
whole,

Beams of the Sun, streams from the River, branches of
the mighty Tree,

Some bearing fruit, some bearing leaves, and some dis-
eased and barren,—

Some for the feast, some for the floor, and some,—how
many,—for the fire ?

Memory may be but a power of coming to the treasury
of Fact,

A momentary self-desertion, an absence in spirit from
the now,

An actual coursing hither and thither, by the mind,
slipped from its leash,

A life, as in the mystery of dreams, spent within the
limits of a moment.

A brutish man knoweth not this, neither can a fool com-
prehend it,

But there be secrets of the memory, deep, wondrous, and
fearful.

Were I at Petra, could I not declare, My soul hath been
here before me ?

Am I strange to the columned halls, the calm dead grandeur of Palmyra ?

Know I not thy mount, O Carmel ! Have I not voyaged on the Danube,

Nor seen the glare of Arctic snows,—nor the black tents of the Tartar ?

Is it then a dream, that I remember the faces of them of old,

While wandering in the grove with Plato, and listening to Zeno in the porch ?

Paul have I seen, and Pythagoras, and the Stagyrte hath spoken me friendly,

And His meek eye looked also upon me, standing with Peter in the palace.

Athens and Rome, Persepolis and Sparta, am I not a freeman of you all ?

And chiefly can my yearning heart forget thee, O Jerusalem ?—

For the strong magic of conception, mingled with the fumes of memory,

Giveth me a life in all past time, yea, and addeth substance to the future.

Be ye my judges, imaginative minds, full-fledged to soar into the sun,

Whose grosser natural thoughts the chemistry of wisdom hath sublimed,

Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness strange
and vague,
That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your
daily life,
Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign
strand,
Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own foot-
steps ?
Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old
familiar,
Some newest circumstance or place teemed as with an-
cient memories ?
A startling sudden flash lighteth up all for an in-
stant,
And then it is quenched, as in darkness, and leaveth the
cold spirit trembling.

Memory is not wisdom ; idiots can rote volumes :
Yet, what is wisdom without memory ? a babe that is
strangled in its birth,
The path of the swallow in the air, the path of the dol-
phin in the waters,
A cask running out, a bottomless chasm : such is wisdom
without memory.
There be many wise, who cannot store their know-
ledge ;

Yet from themselves are they satisfied, for the fountain is
within :

There be many who store, but have no wisdom of their
own,

Lumbering their armoury with weapons their muscles can-
not lift :

There be many thieves and robbers, who glean and store
unlawfully,

Calling in to memory's help some cunningly devised
Cabala :

But to feed the mind with fatness, to fill thy granary
with corn,

Nor clog with chaff and straw the threshing-floor of rea-
son,

Reap the ideas, and house them well ; but leave the
words high stubble :

Strive to store up what was thought, despising what was
said.

For the mind is a spirit, and drinketh in ideas, as flame
melteth into flame ;

But for words, it must pack them as on floors, cumbrous
and perishable merchandize.

To be pained for a minute, to fear for an hour, to hope
for a week,—how long and weary !

But to remember fourscore years, is to look back upon a
day.

An avenue seemeth to lengthen in the eyes of the way-
faring man,

But let him turn, those stationed elms crowd up within a
yard ;

Pace the lamp-lit streets of some sleeping city,

The multitude of cressets shall seem one, in the false pic-
ture of perspective ;

Even so, in sweet treachery, dealeth the aged with him-
self,

He gazeth on the green hill-tops, while the marshes be-
neath are hidden ;

And the partial telescope of memory pierceth the blank
between,

To look with lingering love at the fair star of child-
hood.

Life is as the current spark on the miner's wheel of
flints ;

Whiles it spinneth, there is light ; stop it, all is dark-
ness :

Life is as a morsel of frankincense burning in the hall of
Eternity ;

It is gone,—but its odorous cloud curleth to the lofty
roof :

Life is as a lump of salt, melting in the temple-
laver ;

It is gone,—yet its savour reacheth to the farthest
atom :

Even so, for evil or for good, is life the criterion of a
man,

For its memories of sanctity or sin pervade all the firma-
ment of being.

There is but the flitting moment, wherein to hope or to
enjoy,

But in the calendar of memory, that moment is all
time.

THE DREAM OF AMBITION.

I LEFT the happy fields that smile around the village of
Content,
And sought with wayward feet the torrid desert of
Ambition.
Long time, parched and weary, I travelled that burning
sand,
And the hooded basilisk and adder were strewed in my
way for palms ;
Black scorpions thronged me round, with sharp uplifted
stings,
Seeming to mock me as I ran ; (then I guessed it was a
dream,—
But life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we
are :)
So I toiled on, doubting in myself, up a steep gravel
cliff,

Whose yellow summit shot up far into the brazen
sky ;

And quickly, I was wafted to the top, as upon unseen
wings

Carrying me upward like a leaf: (then I thought it was
a dream,—

Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we
are :)

So I stood on the mountain, and behold ! before me a
giant, pyramid

And I clomb with eager haste its high and difficult
steps ;

For I longed, like another Belus, to mount up, yea to
heaven,

Nor sought I rest until my feet had spurned the crest
of earth.

Then I sat on my granite throne under the burning
sun,

And the world lay smiling beneath me, but I was wrapt
in flames ;

(And I hoped, in glimmering consciousness, that all this
torture was a dream,—

Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we
are.)

And anon, as I sat scorching, the pyramid shuddered
to its root,

And I felt the quarried mass leap from its sand foundations :

Awhile it tottered, and tilted, as raised by invisible levers,—

(And now my reason spake with me ; I knew it was a dream :

Yet I hushed that whisper into silence, for I hoped to learn of wisdom,

By tracking up my truant thoughts, whereunto they might lead :)

And suddenly, as rolling upon wheels, adown the cliff it rushed,

And I thought, in my hot brain, of the Muscovites' icy slope ;

A thousand yards in a moment we ploughed the sandy seas,

And crushed those happy fields, and that smiling village,

And onward, as a living thing, still rushed my mighty throne,

Thundering along, and pounding, as it went, the millions in my way :

Before me all was life, and joy, and full-blown summer,

Behind me death and woe, the desert and simoom.

Then I wept and shrieked aloud, for pity and for fear ;

But might not stop, for, comet-like, flew on the maddened
mass
Over the crashing cities, and falling obelisks and
towers,
And columns, razed as by a scythe, and high domes,
shivered as an egg-shell,
And deep embattled ranks, and women, crowded in the
streets,
And children, kneeling as for mercy, and all I had ever
loved,
Yea, over all, mine awful throne rushed on with seeming
instinct,—
And over the crackling forests, and over the rugged
beach,
And on with a terrible hiss through the foaming wild
Atlantic
That roared around me as I sat, but could not quench
my spirit,—
Still on, through startled solitudes we shattered the
pavement of the sea,
Down, down, to that central vault, the bolted doors of
hell;
And these, with horrid shock, my huge throne battered
in,
And on to the deepest deep, where the fierce flames were
hottest,

Blazing tenfold as conquering furiously the seas that
rushed in with me,—

And there I stopped: and a fearful voice shouted in
mine ear,

“Behold the home of Discontent; behold the rest of
Ambition!”

OF SUBJECTION.

LAW hath dominion over all things, over universal mind
and matter ;

For there are reciprocities of rights, which no creature
can gainsay.

Unto each was there added by its Maker, in the perfect
chain of being,

Dependencies and sustentations, accidents, and qualities,
and powers :

And each must fly forward in the curve, unto which it
was forced from the beginning ;

Each must attract and repel, or the monarchy of Order is
no more.

Laws are essential emanations from the self-poised cha-
racter of God,

And they radiate from that sun, to the circling edges of
creation.

Verily, the mighty Lawgiver hath subjected himself unto
laws,

And God is the primal grand example of free unstrained
obedience :

His perfection is limited by right, and cannot trespass
into wrong,

Because He hath stablished Himself as the fountain of
only good ;

And in thus much is bounded, that the evil hath he left
unto another,

And that dark other hath usurped the evil which Omnipotence laid down.

Unto God there exist impossibilities ; for the True One
cannot lie,

Nor the Wise One wander from the track which he hath
determined for himself :

For his will was purposed from eternity, strong in the
love of order ;

And that will altereth not, as the law of the Medes and
Persians.

God is the origin of order, and the first exemplar of his
precept ;

For there is subordination of his Essence, self-guided
unto holiness,

And there is subordination of his Persons, in due procession of dignity ;

For the Son, as a son, is subject ; and to him doth the
Spirit minister :

But these things be mysteries to man,—he cannot reach
nor fathom them,

And ever must he speak in paradox, when labouring to
expound his God ;
For, behold ! God is alone, mighty in unshackled free-
dom ;
And with those wondrous Persons, abideth eternal
equality.

So then, start ye from the fountain, and follow the river
of existence,
For its current is bounded throughout by the banks of
just subordination :
Thrones, and dominions, and powers, Archangels,
Cherubim, and Seraphim,
Angels, and flaming ministers, and breathing chariots
and harps.
For there are degrees in heaven, and varied capabilities
of bliss,
And steps in the ladder of Intelligence, and ranks in
approaches to Perfection :
Doubtless, reverence is given, as their due, to the masters
in wisdom ;
Doubtless, there are who serve ; or a throne would have
small glory.
Regard now the universe of matter, the substance of visi-
ble creation,
Which of old, with well-observing truth, the Greek hath
surnamed, ORDER : (°)

Where is there an atom out of place ? or a particle that
yieldeth not obedience ?

Where is there a fragment that is free ? or one thing the
equal of another ?

The chain is unbroken down to man, and beyond him
the links are perfect,

But he standeth solitary sin, a marvel of permitted
chaos.

And shall this seeming error in the scale of due subordi-
nation

Be a spot of desert unreclaimed, in the midst of the vine-
yard of the Lord ?

Shall his presumptuous pride snap the safe tether of
connexion,

And his blind selfish folly refuse the burden of main-
tenance ?

O man, thou art a creature ; boast not thyself above the
law :

Think not of thyself as free : thou art bound in the tram-
mels of dependence.

What is the sum of thy duty, but obedience to righteous
rule,

To the great commanding oracle, uttered by delegated
organs ?

Thou canst not render homage to abstract Omnipresent
Power,

Save through the concrete symbol of visible ordained authority.

Those, who obey not man, are oftenest found rebels against God ;

For seldom is the delegate so bold, as to order what he knoweth to be wrong.

Yet mark me, proud gainsayer ! I say not, obey unto sin ;

But, where the Principal is silent, take heed thou despise not the Deputy :

And he that loveth order will bless thee for thy faith,

If thou recognize his sanction in the powers that fashion human laws.

Thou, the vicegerent of the Lord, his high anointed image,

Toward whom a good man's loyalty floweth from the heart of his religion,

Thou, whose deep responsibilities are fathomed by a nation's prayers,

Whom wise men fear for while they love, and envy thee nothing but thy virtues,

From thy dizzy pinnacle of greatness, remember thou also art a subject,

And the throne of thine earthly glory is itself but the footstool of thy God.

The homage thy kingdoms yield thee, regard thou as
yielded unto Him ;

And while girt with all the majesty of state, consider
thee the Lord's chief servant ;

So shalt thou prosper, and be strong, grafted on the
strength of another ;

So shall thy virgin heart be happy, in being hum-
ble.

And thou shalt flourish as an oak, the monarch of thine
island forests,

Whose deep-dug roots are twisted around the stout ribs
of the globe,

That mocketh at the fury of the storm, and rejoiceth in
summer sunshine,

Glad in the smiles of heaven, and great in the stability
of earth.

A ruler hath not power for himself, neither is his pomp
for his pride ;

But beneath the ermine of his office should he wear the
rough hair-cloth of humility.

Nevertheless, every way obey him, so thou break not a
higher commandment ;

For Nero was an evil king, yet Paul prescribeth sub-
jection.

If the rulers of a nation be holy, the Lord hath blessed
that nation ;

If they be lewd and impious, chastisement hath come
upon that people :

For the bitterest scourge of a land is ungodliness in them
that govern it,

And the guilt of the sons of Josiah drove Israel weeping
into Babylon.

Yet be thou resolute against them, if they change the
mandates of thy God,

If they touch the ark of his covenant, wherein all his
mercies are enshrined :

Be resolute, but not rebellious ; lest thou be of the com-
pany of Korah :

Set thy face against them as a flint : but be not numbered
with Abiram.

Daniel nobly disobeyed ; but not from a spirit of se-
dition ;

And Azarias shouted from the furnace,—I will not bow
down, O KING.

If truth must be sacrificed to unity, then faithfulness were
folly ;

If man must be obeyed before God, the martyrs have
bled in vain :

Yet none of that blessed army reviled the rulers of the
land,

They were loud and bold against the sin, but bent before
the ensign of authority.

Honesty, scorning compromise, walketh most suitably
with Reverence ;
Otherwise righteous daring may show but as obstinate
rebellion :
Therefore, suffer not thy censure to lack the savour of
courtesy,
And remember the mortal sinneth, but the staff of his
power is from God.

Man, thou hast a social spirit, and art deeply indebted to
thy kind :
Therefore claim not all thy rights ; but yield, for thine
own advantage.
Society is a chain of obligations, and its links must sup-
port each other ;
The branch cannot but wither, that is cut from the parent
vine.
Wouldst thou be a dweller in the woods, and cast away
the cords that bind thee,
Seeking in thy bitterness or pride, to be exiled from thy
fellows ?
Behold, the beasts shall hunt thee, weak, naked, houseless
outcast,
Disease and Death shall track thee out, as bloodhounds,
in the wilderness :
Better to be vilest of the vile, in the hated company of
men,

Than to live a solitary wretch, dreading and wanting all
things;
Better to be chained to thy labour, in the dusky thorough-
fares of life,
Than to reign monarch of Sloth, in lonesome savage
freedom.

Whence then cometh the doctrine, that all should be
equal and free?

It is the lie that crowded hell, when Seraphs flung away
subjection.

No man is his neighbour's equal, for no two minds are
similar,

And accidents, alike with qualities, have every shade but
sameness:

The lightest atom of difference shall destroy the nice
balance of equality,

And all things, from without and from within, make one
man to differ from another.

We are equal and free! was the watchword that spirited
the legions of Satan,

We are equal and free! is the double lie that entrappeth
to him conscripts from earth:

The messengers of that dark despot will pander to thy
licence and thy pride,

And draw thee from the crowd where thou art safe, to
seize thee in the solitary desert.

Woe unto him whose heart the syren song of Liberty
hath charmed ;

Woe unto him whose mind is bewitched by her trea-
cherous beauty ;

In mad zeal flingeth he away the fetters of duty and
constraint,

And yieldeth up the holocaust of self to that fair Idol of
the Damned.

No man hath freedom in aught, save in that from which
the wicked would be hindered,

He is free toward God and good ; but to all else a bond-
man.

Thou art in a middle sphere, to render and receive
honour.

If thy king commandeth, obey ; and stand not in the
way with rebels :

But if need be, lay thy hand upon thy sword, and fear
not to smite a traitor,

For the universe acquitteth thee with honour, fighting in
defence of thy king.

If a thief break thy dwelling, and thou take him, it were
sin in thee to let him go ;

Yea, though he pleadeth to thy mercy, thou canst not
spare him and be blameless :

For his guilt is not only against thee, it is not thy monies
or thy merchandize,

But he hath done damage to the Law, which duty constraineth thee to sanction.

Feast not thine appetite of vengeance, remembering thou also art a man,

But weep for the sad compulsion, in which the chain of Providence hath bound thee :

Mercy is not thine to give ; wilt thou steal anothers' privilege ?

Or send abroad, among thy neighbours, a felon whom impunity hath hardened ?

Remember the Roman father, strong in his stern integrity,

And let not thy slothful self-indulgence make thee a con- niver at the crime.

Also, if the knife of the murderer be raised against thee or thine,

And through good providence and courage, thou slay him that would have slain thee,

Thou lovest not a tittle of thy rectitude, having executed sudden justice ;

Still mayst thou walk among the blessed, though thy hands be red with blood.

For thyself, thou art neither worse nor better ; but thy fellows should count thee their creditor :

Thou hast manfully protected the right, and the right is stronger for thy deed.

Also, in the rescuing of innocence, fear not to smite the ravisher :

What though he die at thy hand ? for a good name is better than the life ;

And if Phineas had everlasting praise, in the matter of Salu's son,

With how much greater honour standeth such a rescuer acquitted.

Uphold the laws of thy country, and fear not to fight in their defence ;

But first be convinced in thy mind : for herein the doubter sinneth.

Above all things, look thou well around, if indeed stern duty forceth thee

To draw the sword of justice, and stain it with the slaughter of thy fellows.

She, that lieth in thy bosom, the tender wife of thy affections,

Must obey thee, and be subject, that evil drop not on thy dwelling.

The child that is used to constraint, feareth not more than he loveth ;

But give thy son his way, he will hate thee and scorn thee together.

The master of a well-ordered home, knoweth to be kind to his servants ;

Yet he exacteth reverence, and each one feareth at his
post.

There is nothing on earth so lowly, but duty giveth it
importance ;

No station so degrading, but it is ennobled by obe-
dience :

Yea, break stones upon the highway, acknowledging the
Lord in thy lot,

Happy shalt thou be, and honourable, more than many
children of the mighty.

Thou that despisest the outward forms, beware thou lose
not the inward spirit ;

For they are as words unto ideas, as symbols to things
unseen.

Keep then the form that is good ; retain, and do reve-
rence to example ;

And in all things observe subordination, for that is the
whole duty of man.

A horse knoweth his rider, be he confident or timid,
And the fierce spirit of Bucephalus stoopeth unto none
but Alexander ;

The tigress, roused in the jungle by the prying spaniels
of the fowler,

Will quail at the eye of man, so he assert his dignity ;
Nay, the very ships, those giant swans breasting the
mighty waters,

Roll in the trough, or break the wave, to the pilot's fear
or courage :

How much more shall man, discerning the Fountain of
authority,

Bow to superior commands, and make his own obeyed.
And yet, intravelling the world, hast thou not often known
A gallant host led on to ruin by a feeble Xerxes ?
Hast thou not often seen the wanton luxury of indolence
Sully with its sleepy mist the tarnished crown of
headship ?

Alas ! for a thousand fathers, whose indulgent sloth
Hath emptied the vial of confusion over a thousand
homes :

Alas ! for the palaces and hovels, that might have been
nurseries for heaven,

By hot intestine broils blighted into schools for hell :
None knoweth his place, yet all refuse to serve,
None weareth the crown, yet all usurp the sceptre ;
And perchance some fiercer spirit, of natural nobility of
mind,

That needed but the kindness of constraint to have grown
up great and good,

Now,—the rich harvest of his heart choked by unweeded
tares,—

All bold to dare and do, unchecked by wholesome fear,
A scoffer about bigotry and priestcraft, a rebel against
government and God,

And standard-bearer of the turbulent, leading on the
sons of Belial,

Such an one is king of that small state, head-tyrant of
the thirty,

Brandishing the torch of discord in his village-home :

And the timid Eli of the house, yon humble parish-priest,
Liveth in shame and sorrow, fearing his own handywork ;
The mother, heartstricken years ago, hath dropped into
an early grave ;

The silent sisters long to leave a home they cannot love ;
The brothers, casting off restraint, follow their wayward
wills ;

And the chance-guest, early departing, blesseth his kind
stars,

That o'er his humbler home broods no domestic curse.

Yet is that curse the fruit ; wouldest thou the root of the
evil ?

A kindness—most unkind, that hath always spared the
rod ;

A weak and numbing indecision in the mind that should
be master ;

A foolish love, pregnant of hate, that never frowned on
sin ;

A moral cowardice of heart, that never dared command.

A kingdom is a nest of families, and a family a small
kingdom ;

And the government of whole or part differeth in nothing but extent.

The house, where the master ruleth, is strong in united subjection,

And the only commandment with promise, being honoured, is a blessing to that house :

But and if he yieldeth up the reins, it is weak in discordant anarchy,

And the bonds of love and union melt away, as ropes of sand.

The realm, that is ruled with vigour, lacketh neither peace nor glory,

It dreadeth not foes from without, nor the sons of riot from within :

But the meanness of temporizing fear robbeth a kingdom of its honour,

And the weakness of indulgent sloth ravageth its bowels with discord.

The best of human governments is the patriarchal rule ;
The authorized supremacy of one, the prescriptive subjection of many :

Therefore, the children of the east have thriven from age to age,

Obeying, even as a god, the royal father of Cathay :

Therefore, to this our day, the Rechabite wanteth not a man,⁽¹⁰⁾

But they stand before the Lord, forsaking not the mandate of their sire :

Therefore shall Magog among nations arise from his northern lair,

And rend, in the fury of his power, the insurgent world beneath him :

For the thunderbolt of concentrated strength can be hurled by the will of one,

While the dissipated forces of many are harmless as summer lightning.

OF REST.

IN the silent watches of the night, calm night that breed-
eth thoughts,
When the task-weary mind disporteth in the careless
play-hours of sleep,
I dreamed ; and behold, a valley, green and sunny and
well-watered,
And thousands moving across it, thousands and tens of
thousands :
And though many seemed faint and toil-worn, and
stumbled often, and fell,
Yet moved they on unresting, as the ever-flowing cataract.
Then I noted adders in the grass, and pitfalls under the
flowers,
And chasms yawned among the hills, and the ground was
cracked and slippery :
But Hope and her brother Fear suffered not a foot to
linger ;

Bright phantoms of false joys beckoned alluringly forward,
ward,

While yelling grisly shapes of dread came hunting on
behind :

And ceaselessly, like Lapland swarms, that miserable
crowd sped along

To the mist-involved banks of a dark and sullen river.

There saw I, midway in the water, standing a giant fisher,
And he held many lines in his hand, and they called
him Iron Destiny.

So I tracked those subtle chains, and each held one among
the multitude ;

Then I understood what hindered, that they rested not in
their path :

For the fisher had sport in his fishing, and drew in his
lines continually,

And the new-born babe, and the aged man, were dragged
into that dark river :

And he pulled all those myriads along, and none might
rest by the way,

Till many, for sheer weariness, were eager to plunge into
the drowning stream.

So I knew that valley was Life, and it sloped to the
waters of Death.

But far on the thither side spread out a calm and silent
shore,

Where all was tranquil as a sleep, and the crowded
strand was quiet :

And I saw there many I had known, but their eyes
glared chillingly upon me,

As set in deepest slumber ; and they pressed their fingers
to their lips.

Then I knew that shore was the dwelling of Rest, where
spirits held their Sabbath,

And it seemed they would have told me much, but they
might not break that silence ;

For the law of their being was mystery : they glided on,
hushing as they went.

Yet further, under the sun, at the roots of purple moun-
tains,

I noted a blaze of glory, as the night-fires on northern
skies ;

And I heard the hum of joy, as it were a sea of melody ;

And far as the eye could reach, were millions of happy
creatures

Basking in the golden light ; and I knew that land was
Heaven.

Then the hill whereon I stood split asunder, and a crater
yawned at my feet,

Black and deep and dreadful, fenced round with ragged
rocks ;

Dimly was the darkness lit up by spires of distant flame :

And I saw below a moving mass of life, like reptiles bred
in corruption,

Where all was terrible unrest, shrieks and groans and
thunder.

So I woke, and I thought upon my dream : for it seemed
of wisdom's ministration.

What man is he that findeth rest, though he hunt for it
year after year ?

As a child he had not yet been wearied, and cared not
then to court it ;

As a youth he loved not to be quiet, for excitement spurred
him into strife ;

As a man he tracketh rest in vain, toiling painfully to
catch it,

But still is he pulled from the pursuit, by the strong
compulsion of his fate :

So he hopeth to have peace in old age, as he cannot rest
in manhood,

But troubles thicken with his years, till Death hath
dodged him to the grave.

There remaineth a rest for the spirit on the shadowy side
of life ;

But unto this world's pilgrim no rest for the sole of his
foot.

Ever, from stage to stage, he travelleth wearily forward,
And though he pluck flowers by the way, he may not
sleep among the flowers.

Mind is the perpetual motion ; for it is a running stream

From an unfathomable source, the depth of the divine
Intelligence :

And though it be stopped in its flowing, yet hath it a
current within,

The surface may sleep unruffled, but underneath are
whirlpools of contention.

Seekest thou rest, O mortal ?—seek it no more on earth,
For destiny will not cease from dragging thee through
the rough wilderness of life ;

Seekest thou rest, O immortal ?—hope not to find it in
Heaven,

For sloth yieldeth not happiness : the bliss of a spirit is
action.

Rest dwelleth only on an island in the midst of the ocean
of existence,

Where the world-weary soul for a while may fold its tired
wings,

Until, after short sufficient slumber, it is quickened unto
deathless energy,

And speedeth in eagle-flight to the Sun of unapproach-
able perfection.

OF SHOWING HUMILITY.

VICE is grown weary of her gawds, and donneth russet
garments,
Loving for change to walk as a nun, beneath a modest
veil :
For Pride hath noted how all admire the fairness of Hu-
mility,
And to clutch the praise he coveteth, is content to be
drest in hair-cloth ;
And wily Lust tempteth the young heart, that is proof
against the bravery of harlots,
With timid tears and retiring looks of an artful seeming
maid ;
And indolent Apathy, sleepily ashamed of his dull lack-
lustre face,
Is glad of the livery of meekness, that charitable cloak
and cowl ;

And Hatred hideth his demon frown beneath a gentle
mask ;

And Slander, snake-like, creepeth in the dust, thinking
to escape recrimination.

But the world hath gained somewhat from its years, and
is quick to penetrate disguises,

Neither in all these is it easily deceived, but rightly di-
videth the true from the false.

Yet there is a meanness of spirit, that is fair in the eyes
of most men,

Yea, and seemeth fair unto itself, loving to be thought
Humility.

Its choler is not roused by insolence, neither do injuries
disturb it :

Honest indignation is strange unto its breast, and just re-
proof unto its lip.

It shrinketh, looking fearfully on men, fawning at the
feet of the great ;

The breath of calumny is sweet unto its ear, and it
courteth the rod of persecution.

But what ! art thou not a man, deputed chief of the cre-
ation ?

Art thou not a soldier of the right, militant for God and
good ?

Shall virtue and truth be degraded, because thou art too
base to uphold them ?

Or Goliath be bolder in blaspheming, for want of a David in the camp ?

I say not, avenge injuries ; for the ministry of vengeance is not thine :

But wherefore rebuke not a liar ? wherefore do dishonour to thyself ?

Wherefore let the evil triumph, when the just and the right are on thy side ?

Such Humility is abject, it lacketh the life of sensibility,

And that resignation is but mock, where the burden is not felt.

Suspect thyself and thy meekness : thou art mean and indifferent to sin ;

And the heart that should grieve and forgive, is case-hardened and forgetteth.

Humility mainly becometh the converse of man with his Maker,

But oftentimes it seemeth out of place in the intercourse of man with man :

Yea, it is the cringer to his equal, that is chiefly seen bold to his God,

While the martyr, whom a world cannot brow-beat, is humble as a child before Him.

Render unto all men their due, but remember thou also art a man,

And cheat not thyself of the reverence, which is owing to thy reasonable being.

Be courteous, and listen, and learn ; but teach and answer if thou canst :

Serve thee of thy neighbour's wisdom, but be not enslaved as to a master.

Where thou perceivest knowledge, bend the ear of attention and respect ;

But yield not further to the teaching, than as thy mind is warranted by reasons.

Better is an obstinate disputant, that yieldeth inch by inch,

Than the shallow traitor to himself, who surrendereth to half an argument.

Modesty winneth good report, but scorn cometh close upon servility :

Therefore, use meekness with discretion, casting not pearls before swine.

For a fool will tread upon thy neck, if he seeth thee lying in the dust ;

And there be companies and seasons where resolute bearing is but duty.

If a good man discloseth his secret failings unto the view of the profane,

What doeth he but harm unto his brother, confirming him in his sin ?

There is a concealment that is right, and an opened-
mouthed humility that erreth ;

There is a candour near akin to folly, and a meekness
looking like shame.

Masculine sentiments, vigorously holden, well become a
man ;

But a weak mind hath a timorous grasp, and mistaketh it
for tenderness of conscience.

Many are despised for their folly, who put it to the ac-
count of their religion,

And because men treat them with contempt, they look to
their God for glory ;

But contempt shall still be their reward, who betrayed
their Master unto ridicule,

Reflecting on Him in themselves, meanness and igno-
rance and cowardice.

A Christian hath a royal spirit, and need not be ashamed
but unto One :

Among just men walketh he softly, but the world
should see him as a champion.

His humbleness is far unlike the shame that covereth
the profligate and weak,

When the sober reproof of virtue hath touched their
tingling ears ;

It is born of love and wisdom, and is worthy of all ho-
nour,

And the sweet persuasion of its smile changeth contempt
into reverence.

A man of a haughty spirit is daily adding to his enemies :

He standeth as the Arab in the desert, and the hands of
all men are against him :

A man of a base mind daily subtracteth from his
friends,

For he holdeth himself so cheaply, that others learn to
despise him :

But where the meekness of self-knowledge veileth the
front of self-respect,

There look thou for the man, whom none can know but
they will honour.

Humility is the softening shadow before the stature of
Excellence,

And lieth lowly on the ground, beloved and lovely as
the violet :

Humility is the fair-haired maid, that calleth Worth her
brother,

The gentle silent nurse, that fostereth infant virtues :

Humility bringeth no excuse ; she is welcome to God
and man :

Her countenance is needful unto all, who would prosper
in either world ;

And the mild light of her sweet face is mirrored in the
eyes of her companions,

And straightway stand they accepted, children of peni-
tence and love.

As when the blind man is nigh unto a rose, its sweetness
is the herald of its beauty,

So when thou savourest humility, be sure thou art nigh
unto merit.

A gift rejoiceth the covetous, and praise fatteneth the vain,
And the pride of man delighteth in the humble bearing
of his fellow ;

But to the tender benevolence of the unthanked Almoner
of good,

Humility is queen among the graces, for she giveth Him
occasion to bestow.

OF SEARCHING FOR PRIDE.

DEEP is the sea, and deep is hell, but Pride mineth
deeper ;

It is coiled as a poisonous worm about the foundations of
the soul.

If thou expose it in thy motives, and track it in thy
springs of thought,

Complacent in its own detection, it will seem indignant
virtue ;

Smoothly will it gratulate thy skill, O subtle anatomist
of self,

And spurn at its very being, while it nestleth the deeper
in thy bosom.

Pride is a double traitor, and betrayeth itself to entrap
thee,

Making thee vain of thy self-knowledge ; proud of thy
discoveries of pride.

Fruitlessly thou strainest for humility, by darkly diving
into self ;

Rather look away from innate evil, and gaze upon extraneous good :

For in sounding the deep things of the heart, thou shalt learn to be vain of its capacities,

But in viewing the heights above thee, thou shalt be taught thy littleness :

Could an emmet pry into itself, it might marvel at its own anatomy,

But let it look on eagles, to discern how mean a thing it is.

And all things hang upon comparison ; to the greater, great is small ;

Neither is there anything so vile, but somewhat yet is viler :

On all sides is there an infinity ; the culprit at the gallows hath his worse,

And the virgin martyr at the stake need not look far for a better.

Therefore, see thou that thine aim reacheth unto higher than thyself ;

Beware that the standard of thy soul wave from the loftiest battlement :

For pride is a pestilent meteor, flitting on the marshes of corruption,

That will lure thee forward to thy death, if thou seek to track it to its source :

Pride is a gloomy bow, arching the infernal firmament,

That will lead thee on if thou wilt hunt it, even to the dwelling of despair.

Deep calleth unto deep, and mountain overtoppeth
mountain,
And still shalt thou fathom to no end the depth and the
height of pride :
For it is the vast ambition of the soul, warped to an idol
object,
And nothing but a Deity in Self can quench its insati-
able thirst.

Be aware of the smiling enemy, that openly sheatheth
his weapon,
But mingleth poison in secret with the sacred salt of hos-
pitality :
For pride will lie dormant in thy heart, to snatch its
secret opportunity,
Watching, as a lion-ant, in the bottom of its toils.
Stay not to parley with thy foe, for his tongue is more
potent than his arm,
But be wiser, fighting against pride in the simple pano-
ply of prayer.
As one also of the poets hath said, let not the Proteus es-
cape thee ?⁽¹¹⁾
For he will blaze forth as fire, and quench himself in
likeness of water ;
He will fright thee as a roaring beast, or charm thee as a
subtle reptile.
Mark, amid all his transformations, the complicate de-
ceitfulness of pride,

And the more he striveth to elude thee, bind him the
closer in thy toils.

Prayer is the net that snareth him ; prayer is the fetter
that holdeth him :

Thou canst not nourish pride, while waiting as an alms-
man on thy God,—

Waiting in sincerity and trust, or pride shall meet thee
even there ;

Yea, from the palaces of Heaven, hath pride cast down
his millions.

Root up the mandrake from thy heart, though it cost thee
blood and groans,

Or the cherished garden of thy graces will fade and pe-
rish utterly.

OF EXPERIENCE.

I KNEW that age was enriched with the hard-earned wages
of knowledge,
And I saw that hoary wisdom was bred in the school of
disappointment :
I noted that the wisest of youth, though provident and
cautious of evil,
Yet sailed along unsteadily, as lacking some ballast of
the mind :
And the cause seemed to lie in this, that while they con-
sidered around them,
And warded off all dangers from without, they forgot
their own weakness within.
So steer they in self-confidence, until, from the multitude
of perils,
They begin to be wary of themselves, and learn the first
lesson of Experience.

I knew that in the morning of life, before its wearisome
journey,
The youthful soul doth expand, in the simple luxury of
being ;
It hath not contracted its wishes, nor set a limit to its
hopes ;
The wing of fancy is unclipt, and sin hath not seared the
feelings :
Each feature is stamped with immortality, for all its de-
sires are infinite,
And it seeketh an ocean of happiness, to fill the deep
hollow within.
But the old and the grave look on, pitying that generous
youth,
For they also have tasted long ago the bitterness of hope
destroyed :
They pity him, and are sad, remembering the days that
are past,
But they know he must taste for himself, or he will not
give ear to their wisdom.
For Experience hath another lesson, which a man will do
well if he learn,
By checking the flight of expectation, to cheat disap-
pointment of its pain.

Experience teacheth many things, and all men are his
scholars :

Yet is he a strange tutor, unteaching that which he hath taught.

Youth is confident, manhood wary, and old age confident again :

Youth is kind, manhood cold, and age returneth unto kindness.

For youth suspecteth nought, till manhood, bitterly learned,

Mistrusteth all, overleaping the mark ; and age correcteth his excess.

Suspicion is the scaffold unto faith, a temporary needful eyesore,

By which the strong man's dwelling is slowly builded up behind :

But soon as the top-stone hath been set to the well-proved goodly pyramid,

The scaffold is torn down, and well-timed trust taketh its long leave of suspicion.

A thousand volumes in a thousand tongues, enshrine the lessons of Experience,

Yet a man shall read them all, and go forth none the wiser :

For self-love lendeth him a glass, to colour all he conneth,

Lest in the features of another he find his own complexion.

And we secretly judge of ourselves, as differing greatly
from all men,

And love to challenge causes to show how we can master
their effects :

Pride is pampered in expecting that we need not fear a
common fate,

Or wrong-headed prejudice exulteth, in combating old
experience ;

Or perchance caprice and discontent are the spurs that
goad us into danger,

Careless, and half in hope to find there an enemy to joust
with.

Private experience is an unsafe teacher, for we rarely
learn both sides,

And from the gilt surface reckon not on steel beneath :

The torrid sons of Guinea think scorn of icy seas,

And the frostbitten Greenlander disbelieveth suns too hot.

But thou, student of Wisdom, feed on the marrow of the
matter ;

If thou wilt suspect, let it be thyself : if thou wilt expect,
let it not be gladness.

OF ESTIMATING CHARACTER.

RASHLY, nor oftimes truly, doth man pass judgment on
his brother ;
For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth the
reasons of the mind.
And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice was
meted by the sword,
When the spear avenged the wrong, and the lot decided
the right,
When the footsteps of blindfold innocence were tracked
by burning ploughshares,
And the still condemning water delivered up the wizard
to the stake :
For we wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the end
will be,⁽¹³⁾
Fixing the right or the wrong, by the issues of failure or
success.
Judge not of things by their events ; neither of character
by providence ;

And count not a man more evil, because he is more unfortunate :

For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the sunshine of prosperity,

But pain and chastisement the rather show the wise Father's love.

Behold that daughter of the world : she is full of gaiety and gladness ;

The diadem of rank is on her brow, uncounted wealth is in her coffers.

She tricketh out her beauty like Jezebel, and is welcome in the courts of kings ;

She is queen of the fools of fashion, and ruleth the revels of luxury :

And though she sitteth not as Tamar, nor standeth in the ways as Rahab,

Yet in the secret of her chamber, she shrinketh not from dalliance and guilt.

She careth not if there be a God, or a soul, or a time of retribution,

Pleasure is the idol of her heart : she thirsteth for no purer heaven.

And she laugheth with light good humour, and all men praise her gentleness ;

They are glad in her lovely smile, and the river of her bounty filleth them.

So she prospered in the world : the worship and desire of
thousands ;

And she died even as she had lived, careless and courteous and liberal.

The grave swallowed up her pomp, the marble proclaimed
her virtues,

For men esteemed her excellent, and charities sounded
forth her praise :

But elsewhere far other judgment setteth her—with infidels and harlots !

She abused the trust of her splendour : and the wages of
her sin shall be hereafter.

Look again on this fair girl, the orphan of a village
pastor

Who is dead, and hath left her his all,—his blessing, and
a name unstained.

And friends, with busy zeal, that their purses be not
taxed,

Place the sad mourner in a home, poor substitute for that
she hath lost.

A stranger among strange faces, she drinketh the worm-
wood of dependence ;

She is marked as a child of want ; and the world hateth
poverty.

Prayer is not heard in that house ; the day she hath loved
to hallow

Is noted but by deeper dissipation, the riot of luxury and gaming :

And wantonness is in her master's eye, and she hath nowhere to flee to ;

She is cared for by none upon earth, and her God seemeth to forsake her.

Then cometh, in fair show, the promise, and the feint of affection,

And her heart, long unused to kindness, remembereth her father, and loveth.

And the villain hath wronged her trust, and mocked, and flung her from him,

And men point at her and laugh ; and women hate her as an outcast :

But elsewhere, far other judgment seateth her—among the martyrs !

And the Lord, who seemed to forsake, giveth double glory to the fallen.

Once more, in the matter of wealth : if thou throw thine all on a chance,

Men will come around thee, and wait, and watch the turning of the wheel ;

And if, in the lottery of life, thou draw a splendid prize,

What foresight hadst thou, and skill ! yea, what enterprize and wisdom !

But, if it fall out against thee, and thou fail in thy perilous endeavour,

Behold, the simple did sow, and hath reaped the right harvest of his folly.

And the world will be gladly excused, nor will reach out a finger to help ;

For why should this speculative dullard be a whirlpool to all around him ?

Go to, let him sink by himself: we knew what the end of it would be.

For the man hath missed his mark, and his fellows look no further.

Also, touching guilt and innocence : a man shall walk in his uprightness

Year after year without reproach, in charity and honesty with all.

But in one evil hour, the enemy shall come in like a flood ;

Shall track him, and tempt him, and hem him,—till he knoweth not whither to fly.

Perchance his famishing little ones shall scream in his ears for bread,

And maddened by that fierce cry, he rusheth as a thief upon the world ;

The world that hath left him to starve, itself wallowing in plenty,—

The world, that denieth him his rights,—he daringly
robbeth it of them.

I say not, such an one is innocent; but, small is the
measure of his guilt

To that of his wealthy neighbour, who would not help
him at his need ;

To that of the selfish epicure, who turned away with
coldness from his tale ;

To that of unsuffering thousands, who look with com-
placence on his fall.

Or perchance the continual dropping of the venomed
words of spite,

Insult and injury and scorn, have galled and pierced his
heart ;

Yet, with all long-suffering and meekness, he forgiveth
unto seventy times seven :

Till, in some weaker moment, tempted beyond endur-
ance,

He striketh, more in anger than in hate ; and, alas ! for
his heavy chance,

He hath smitten unto instant death his spiteful life-long
enemy !

And none was by to see it ; and all men knew of their
contentions :

Fierce voices shout for his blood, and rude hands hurry
him to judgment.

Then man's verdict cometh,—Murderer, with forethought
malice ;

And his name is a note of execration ; his guilt is too
black for devils.

But to the Righteous Judge, seemeth he the suffering
victim ;

For his anger was not unlawful, but became him as a
Christian and a man :

And though his guilt was grievous when he struck that
heavy bitter blow,

Yet light is the sin of the smiter, and verily kicketh the
beam,

To the weight of that man's wickedness, whose slow re-
lentless hatred

Met him at every turn, with patient continuance in
evil.

Doubtless, eternal wrath shall be heaped upon that spite-
ful enemy.

.

It is vain, it is vain, saith the preacher ; there be none
but the righteous and the wicked,

Base rebels, and staunch allies, the true knight, and the
traitor :

And he beareth strong witness among men, There is no
neutral ground,

The broad highway and narrow path map out the whole
domain ;

Sit here among the saints, these holy chosen few,
Or grovel there a wretch condemned, to die among the
million.

And verily for ultimate results, there be but good and
bad ;

Heaven hath no dusky twilight ; hell is not gladdened
with a dawn.

Yet looking round among his fellows, who can pass
righteous judgment,

Such an one is holy and accepted, and such an one re-
probate and doomed ?

There is so much of good among the worst, so much of
evil in the best,

Such seeming partialities in providence, so many
things to lessen and expand,

Yea, and with all man's boast, so little real freedom of
his will,—

That, to look a little lower than the surface, garb or dia-
lect or fashion,

Thou shalt feebly pronounce for a saint, and faintly con-
demn for a sinner.

Over many a good heart and true, fluttereth the Great
King's pennant ;

By many an iron hand, the pirate's black banner is un-
furled :

But there be many more besides, in the yacht and the
trader and the fishing-boat,

In the feathered war-canoe, and the quick mysterious
gondola :

And the army of that Great King hath no stated uni-
form ;

Of mingled characters and kinds goeth forth the count-
less host ;

There is the turbaned Damascene, with his tattooed Zea-
land brother,

There the slim bather in the Ganges, with the sturdy
Russian boor,

The sluggish inmate of a Polar cave, with the fire-
souled daughter of Brazil,

The embruted slave from Cuba, and the Briton of gen-
tle birth.

For all are His inheritance, of all He taketh tithes :

And the church, his mercy's ark, hath some of every
sort.

Who art thou, O man, that art fixing the limits of the
fold ?

Wherefore settest thou stakes to spread the tent of
heaven ?

Lay not the plummet to the line ; religion hath no land-
marks ;

No human keenness can discern the subtle shades of
faith :

In some it is as earliest dawn, the scarce diluted dark-
ness ;

In some it is as dubious twilight, cold and grey and gloomy;

In some the ebon east is streaked with flaming gold;
In some the dayspring from on high breaketh in all its praise.

And who hath determined the when, separating light from darkness?

Who shall pluck from earliest dawn the promise of the day?

Leave that care to the Husbandman, lest thou garner tares;

Help thou the Shepherd in his seeking, but to separate be his:

For I have often seen the noble erring spirit

Wrecked on the shoals of passion, and numbered of the lost;

Often the generous heart, lit by unhallowed fire,
Counted a brand among the burning, and left uncared-for, in his sin:

Yet I waited a little year, and the mercy thou hadst forgotten

Hath purged that noble spirit, washing it in waters of repentance;

That glowing generous heart, having burnt out all its dross,

Is as a golden censer, ready for the allöes and cassia:

While thou, hard-visaged man, unlovely in thy strictness,

Who turned from him thy sympathies with self-complacent pride,
How art thou shamed by him ! his heart is a spring of love,
While the dry well of thine affections is choked with
secret mammon.

Sometimes at a glance thou judgest well ; years could
add little to thy knowledge :
When charity gloweth on the cheek, or malice is lowering
in the eye,
When honesty's open brow, or the weasel-face of cunning
is before thee,
Or the loose lip of wantonness, or clear bright forehead
of reflection.
But often, by shrewd scrutiny, thou judgest to the good
man's harm :
For it may be his hour of trial, or he slumbereth at his
post,
Or he hath slain his foe, but not yet levelled the strong
hold,
Or barely recovered of the wounds, that fleshed him in
his fray with passion.
Also, of the worst, through prejudice, thou loosely shalt
think well ;
For none is altogether evil, and thou mayst catch him at
his prayers :
There may be one small prize, though all beside be blanks ;
A silver thread of goodness in the black sergecloth of crime.

There is to whom all things are easy : his mind, as a
master-key,

Can open, with intuitive address, the treasures of art and
science :

There is to whom all things are hard ; but industry giv-
eth him a crow-bar,

To force, with groaning labour, the stubborn lock of
learning :

And often, when thou lookest on an eye, dim in native
dulness,

Little shalt thou wot of the wealth diligence hath gath-
ered to its gaze ;

Often, the brow that should be bright with the dormant
fire of genius,

Within its ample halls, hath ignorance the tenant.

Yet are not the sons of men cast as in moulds by the
lot ?—

The like in frame and feature have much alike in
spirit ;

Such a shape hath such a soul, so that a deep dis-
cerner

From his make will read the man, and err not far in
judgment :

Yea, and it holdeth in the converse, that growing simi-
larity of mind

Findeth or maketh for itself an apposite dwelling in the
body :

Accident may modify, circumstance may bevil, externals
seem to change it,

But still the primitive crystal is latent in its many variations :

For the map of the face, and the picture of the eye, are
traced by the pen of passion ;

And the mind fashioneth a tabernacle suitable for itself.

A mean spirit boweth down the back, and the bowing
fostereth meanness ;

A resolute purpose knitteth the knees, and the firm tread
nourisheth decision ;

Love looketh softly from the eye, and kindleth love by
looking ;

Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may frown till he
hateth :

For mind and body, spirit and matter, have reciprocities
of power,

And each keepeth up the strife : a man's works make or
mar him.

There be deeper things than these, lying in the twilight
of truth ;

But few can discern them aright, from surrounding dim-
ness of error.

For perchance, if thou knewest the whole, and largely
with comprehensive mind

Couldst read the history of character, the chequered
story of a life,

And into the great account, which summeth a mortal's
destiny,
Wert to add the forces from without, dragging him this
way and that,
And the secret qualities within, grafted on the soul from
the womb,
And the might of other men's example, among whom his
lot is cast,
And the influence of want, or wealth, of kindness or
harsh ill-usage,
Of ignorance he cannot help, and knowledge found for
him by others,
And first impressions, hard to be effaced, and leadings
to right or to wrong,
And inheritance of likeness from a father, and natural
human frailty,
And the habit of health or disease, and prejudices poured
into his mind,
And the myriad little matters none but Omniscience can
know,
And accidents that steer the thoughts, where none but
Ubiquity can trace them ;—
If thou couldst compass all these, and the consequents
flowing from them,
And the scope to which they tend, and the necessary fit-
ness of all things,
Then shouldst thou see as He seeth, who judgeth all men
equal,—

Equal, touching innocence and guilt ; and different alone
in this,

That one acknowledgeth his evil, and looketh to his God
for mercy ;

Another boasteth of his good, and calleth on his God
for justice ;

So He, that sendeth none away, is largely munificent to
prayer,

But, in the heart of presumption, sheatheth the sword of
vengeance.

OF HATRED AND ANGER.

BLUNTED unto goodness is the heart which anger never
stirreth,

But that which hatred swelleth, is keen to carve out evil.
Anger is a noble infirmity, the generous failing of the just,
The one degree that riseth above zeal, asserting the pre-
rogatives of virtue :

But hatred is a slow continuing crime, a fire in the bad
man's breast,

A dull and hungry flame, for ever craving insatiate.
Hatred would harm another ; anger would indulge itself :
Hatred is a simmering poison ; anger, the opening of a
valve :

Hatred destroyeth as the upas-tree ; anger smiteth as a
staff :

Hatred is the atmosphere of hell ; but anger is known in
heaven.

Is there not a righteous wrath, an anger just and
holy,

When goodness is sitting in the dust, and wickedness en-
throned on Babel ?

Doth pity condemn guilt ?—is justice not a feeling, but
a law

Appealing to the line and to the plummet, incognizant
of moral sense ?

Thou that condemnest anger, small is thy sympathy
with angels,

Thou that hast accounted it for sin, cold is thy commu-
nion with heaven.

Beware of the angry, in his passion ; but fear not to ap-
proach him afterward ;

For if thou acknowledge thine error, he himself will be
sorry for his wrath :

Beware of the hater in his coolness ; for he meditateth
evil against thee ;

Commending the resources of his mind calmly to work
thy ruin.

Deceit and treachery skulk with hatred, but an honest
spirit flieth with anger :

The one lieth secret, as a serpent ; the other chaseth, as a
leopard.

Speedily be reconciled in love, and receive the returning
offender,

For wittingly prolonging anger, thou tamperest unconsciously with hatred.

Patience is power in a man, nerving him to rein his spirit;
Passion is as palsy to his arm, while it yelleth on the
coursers to their speed :

Patience keepeth counsel, and standeth in solid self-possession,

But the weakness of sudden passion layeth bare the secrets
of the soul.

The sentiment of anger is not ill, when thou lookest on
the impudence of vice,

Or savourest the breath of calumny, or hast earned the
hard wages of injustice,

But see thou that thou curb it in expression, rendering
the mildness of rebuke,

So shall thou stand without reproach, mailed in all the
dignity of virtue.

OF GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.

I HEARD the man of sin reproaching the goodness of Jehovah,

Wherefore, if he be Almighty Love, permitteth he misery and pain ?

I saw the child of hope vexed in the labyrinth of doubt,
Wherefore, O holy One and just, is the horn of thy foul foe so high exalted ?—

And, alas ! for this our groaning world, for that grief and guilt are here ;

Alas ! for that Earth is the battle-field, where good must combat with evil :

Angels look on and hold their breath, burning to mingle in the conflict,

But the troops of the Captain of Salvation may be none but the soldiers of the cross :

And that slender band must fight alone, and yet shall triumph gloriously,

Enough shall they be for conquest, and the motto of
their standard is, ENOUGH.

Thou art sad, O denizen of earth, for pains and diseases
and death,

But remember, thy hand hath earned them ; grudge not
at the wages of thy doings :

Thy guilt, and thy fathers' guilt, must bring many sor-
rows in their company,

And if thou wilt drink sweet poison, doubtless it shall
rot thee to the core.

What art thou but the heritor of evil, with a right to no-
thing good ?

The respite of an interval of ease were a boon which Jus-
tice might deny thee :

Therefore lay thy hand upon thy mouth, O man much to
be forgiven,

And wait, thou child of hope, for time shall teach thee
all things.

Yet hear, for my speech shall comfort thee : reverently,
but with boldness,

I would raise the sable curtain, that hideth the symmetry
of Providence.

Pain and sin are convicts, and toil in their fetters for
good ;

The weapons of evil are turned against itself, fighting
under better banners :

And the circle of absolute perfection, the abstract cipher
of indolence.

Sin is an awful shadow, but it addeth new glories to the
light ;

Sin is a black foil, but it setteth off the jewelry of
heaven :

Sin is the traitor that hath dragged the majesty of mercy
into action ;

Sin is the whelming argument, to justify the attribute
of vengeance.

It is a deep dark thought, and needeth to be diligently
studied,

But perchance evil was essential that God should be seen
of his creatures :

For where perfection is not, there lacketh possible
good,

And the absence of better that might be, taketh from
the praise of it is well ;

And creatures must be finite, and finite cannot be perfect ;

Therefore, though in small degree, creation involveth
evil,

He chargeth his angels with folly, and the heavens are
not clean in His sight :

For every existence in the universe hath either imperfection
or Godhead :

And the light that blazeth but in One, must be softened
with shadow for the many.

There is then good in evil ; or none could have known
his Maker :

No spiritual intellect or essence could have gazed on his
high perfections,

No angel harps could have tuned the wonders of his
wisdom,

No ransomed souls have praised the glories of his
mercy,

No howling fiends have shown the terrors of his jus-
tice,

But God would have dwelt alone, in the fearful solitude
of holiness.

Nevertheless, O sinner, harden not thine heart in
evil ;

Nor plume thee in imaginary triumph, because thou art
not valueless as vile ;

Because thy dark abominations add lustre to the clarity
of Light ;

Because a wonder-working alchemy draineth elixir out
of poisons ;

Because the same fiery volcano that scorcheth and ra-
vageeth a continent,

Hath in the broad blue bay cast up some petty island ;

Because to the full demonstration of the qualities and accidents of good,

The swarthy legions of the Devil have toiled as unwitting pioneers :

For sin is still sin ; so hateful, love doth hate it ;

A blot on the glory of creation, which justice must wipe out.

Sin is a loathsome leprosy, fretting the white robe of innocence ;

A rottenness, eating out the heart of the royal cedars of Lebanon ;

A pestilential blast, the terror of that holy pilgrimage ;

A rent in the sacred vail, whereby God left his temple.

Therefore, consider thyself, thou that dost not sorrow for thy guilt :

Fear evil, or face its enemy : dread sin, or dare justice.

Yea, saith the Spirit : and their works do follow them ;

Habits, and thoughts, and deeds, are shadows and satellites of self.

What ! shall the claimant to a throne stand forward with a rabble rout,—

Meanness, impiety, and lust ; riot and indolence and
vanity ?

Nay, man ! the train wherewith thou comest attend thee
whither thou shalt go :

A throne for a king's son, but an inner dungeon for the
felon.

For a man's works do follow him : bodily, standing in
the judgment,

Behold the false accuser, behold the slandered
saint ;

The slave, and his bloody driver ; the poor, and his
generous friend ;

The simple dupe, and the crafty knave : the murderer,
and—his victim !

Yet all are in many characters : the best stand guilty at
the bar ;

And he that seemed the worst may have most of real
excuse.

The talents unto which a man is born, be they few or
many,

Are dropped into the balance of account, working
unlooked-for changes ;

And perchance the convict from the galleys may stand
above the hermit from his cell,

For that the obstacles in one outweigh the propensions
in the other.

There be, who have made themselves friends, yea, by
unrighteous mammon,—

Friends, ready waiting as an escort, to those everlasting
habitations ;

Embodied in living witnesses, thronging to meet them in
a cloud,

Charity, meekness and truth, zeal, sincerity and patience.

There be, who have made themselves foes, yea, by
honest gain,

Foes, whose plaint must have its answer, before the
bright portal is unbarred :

Pride, and selfishness, and sloth, apathy, wrath, and falsehood,

Bind to their everlasting toil many that must weary in
the fires.

Love hath a power and a longing to save the gathered
world,

And rescue universal man from the hunting hell-hounds
of his doings :

Yet few, here one and there one, scanty as the glean-
ing after harvest,

Are glad of the robes of praise which Mercy would
fling around the naked ;

But wrapping closer to their skin the poisoned tunic of
their works,

They stand in self-dependence, to perish in abandon-
ment of God.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRAYER.

A WICKED man scorneth prayer, in the shallow sophistry
of reason,

He derideth the silly hope, that God can be moved by
supplication :—

Can the unchangeable be changed, or waver in his pur-
pose ?

Can the weakness of pity affect him ? Should he turn at
the bidding of a man ?

Methought he ruled all things, and ye called his decrees
immutable,

But if thus he listeneth to words, wherein is the firmness
of his will ?—

So I heard the speech of the wicked, and, lo, it was
smoother than oil ;

But I knew that his reasonings were false, for the pro-
mise of the Scripture is true :

Yet was my soul in darkness, for his words were too hard
for me ;

Till I turned to my God in prayer ; for I know he hear-
eth always.

Then I looked abroad on the earth, and, behold, the
Lord was in all things ;

Yet saw I not his hand in aught, but perceived that He
worketh by means ;

Yea, and the power of the mean proveth the wisdom that
ordained it,

Yea, and no act is useless, to the hurling of a stone
through the air.

So I turned my thoughts to supplication, and beheld the
mercies of Jehovah,

And I saw sound argument was still the faithful friend
of godliness ;

For as the rock of the affections is the solid approval of
reason,

Even so the temple of Religion is founded on the basis
of Philosophy.

Scorner, thy thoughts are weak, they reach not the
summit of the matter ;

Go to, for the mouth of a child might show thee the
mystery of prayer :

Verily, there is no change in the counsels of the Mighty
Ruler :

Verily, his purpose is strong, and rooted in the depths of necessity.

But who hath shown thee his purpose, who hath made known to thee his will ?

When, O gainsayer ! hast thou been schooled in the secrets of wisdom ?

Fate is a creature of God, and all things move in their orbits,

And that which shall surely happen is known unto him from eternity ;

But, as in the field of nature, he useth the sinews of the ox,

And commandeth diligence and toil, himself giving the increase ;

So, in the kingdom of his grace, granteth he omnipotence to prayer,

For he knoweth what thou wilt ask, and what thou wilt ask aright.

No man can pray in faith, whose prayer is not grounded on a promise ;

Yet a good man commendeth all things to the righteous wisdom of his God :

For those, who pray in faith, trust the immutable Jehovah,

And they, who ask blessings unpromised, lean on unco-venanted mercy.

Man, regard thy prayers as a purpose of love to thy soul ;

Esteem the providence that led to them as an index of God's good will ;

So shalt thou pray aright, and thy words shall meet with acceptance.

Also, in pleading for others, be thankful for the fulness of thy prayer ;

For if thou art ready to ask, the Lord is more ready to bestow.

The salt preserveth the sea, and the saints uphold the earth ;

Their prayers are the thousand pillars that prop the canopy of nature.

Verily, an hour without prayer, from some terrestrial mind,

Were a curse in the calendar of time, a spot of the blackness of darkness.

Perchance the terrible day, when the world must rock into ruins,

Will be one unwhitened by prayer,—shall He find faith on the earth ?

For there is an economy of mercy, as of wisdom, and power, and means ;

Neither is one blessing granted, unbesought from the treasury of good :

And the charitable heart of the Being, to depend upon
whom is happiness,

Never withholdeth a bounty, so long as his subject
prayeth ;

Yea, ask what thou wilt, to the second throne in
heaven,

It is thine, for whom it was appointed ; there is no limit
unto prayer :

But and if thou cease to ask, tremble, thou self-sus-
pended creature,

For thy strength is cut off, as was Sampson's : and the
hour of thy doom is come.

Frail art thou, O man, as a bubble on the breaker,

Weak and governed by externals, like a poor bird caught
in the storm ;

Yet thy momentary breath can still the raging waters,

Thy hand can touch a lever that may move the world.

O Merciful, we strike eternal covenant with thee,

For man may take for his ally the King who ruleth
kings :

How strong, yet how most weak, in utter poverty how
rich,

What possible omnipotence to good is dormant in a
man !

Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent
beauty,

Whose light-blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the
balefires of decline,
All droopingly she lieth, as a dew-laden lily,
Her flaxen tresses, rashly luxuriant, dank with unhealthy
moisture ;
Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas ! poor child of
weakness ?
Thou hast erred ; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her
strength :
Terribly she fighteth in the van, as the virgin daughter
of Orleans,
She beareth the banner of heaven, her onset is the rushing
cataract,
Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host
is God,
And the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning
of her eye ;
She is the King's remembrancer, and steward of many
blessings,
Holding the buckler of security over her unthankful land :
For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured,
Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth.

Angels are round the good man, to catch the incense of
his prayers,
And they fly to minister kindness to those for whom he
pleadeth ;

For the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before
God continually,

And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native atmosphere of heaven :

Yea, though poor and contemned, and ignorant of this
world's wisdom,

Ill can his fellows spare him, though they know not of
his value.

Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its
king,

But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of
prayer.

Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on his rightful
throne,

Crowned with a rainbow of emerald,⁽¹⁾ the green memorial of earth,—

For one, a mediating man, that hath clad his Godhead
with mortality,

And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal priest of
Nature,

Matter and life and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,

And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world
into nothing.

Thus, O worshipper of reason, thou hast heard the sum of
the matter ;

And woe on his hairy scalp that restraineth prayer before
God.

Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being ;
Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of
Mercy ;

Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, So be it ;
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of
Omnipotence.

Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy
wants ;

Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights
commend thee unto prayer,—

The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains,
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote to all
anxieties.

So then, God is true, and yet He hath not changed :
It is he that sendeth the petition, to answer it according
to his will.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

INQUIREST thou, O man, wherewithal may I come unto
the Lord ?

And with what wonder-working sounds may I move the
majesty of heaven ?

There is a model to thy hand ; upon that do thou frame
thy supplication ;

Wisdom hath measured its words, and redemption urgeth
thee to use them.

Call thy God thy Father, and yet not thine alone,

For thou art but one of many, thy brotherhood is with all :

Remember his high estate, that he dwelleth King of
Heaven ;

So shall thy thoughts be humbled, nor love be unmixed
with reverence :

Be thy first petition unselfish, the honour of Him who
made thee,

And that in the depths of thy heart his memory be
shrined in holiness :

Pray for that blessed time, when good shall triumph over evil,

And one universal temple echo the perfections of Jehovah :
Bend thou to his good will, and subserve his holy purposes,

Till in thee, and those around thee, grow a little heaven upon earth.

Humbly, as a grateful almsman, beg thy bread of God,—
Bread for thy triple estate, for thou hast a trinity of nature :

Humility smootheth the way, and gratitude softeneth the heart,

Be then thy prayer for pardon mingled with the tear of penitence ;

Yea, and while, all unworthy, thou leanest on the hand that should smite,

Thou canst not from thy fellows withhold thy less forgiveness.

To thy Father thy weaknesses are known, and thou hast not hid thy sin,

Therefore ask him, in all trust, to lead thee from the dangers of temptation ;

While the last petition of the soul that breatheth on the confines of prayer

Is deliverance from sin and the evil one, the miseries of earth and hell.

And wherefore, child of hope, should the rock of thy confidence be sure ?

Thou knowest that God heareth, and promiseth an answer of peace ;

Thou knowest that he is King, and none can stay his hand ;

Thou knowest his power to be boundless, for there is none other :

And to Him thou givest glory, as a creature of his workmanship and favour,

For the never-ending term of thy saved and bright existence.

OF DISCRETION.

For what then was I born ?—to fill the circling year
With daily toil for daily bread, with sordid pains and
pleasures ?—
To walk this chequered world, alternate light and dark-
ness,
The day-dreams of deep thought, followed by the night-
dreams of fancy ?—
To be one in a full procession ?—to dig my kindred
clay ?—
To decorate the gallery of art ?—to clear a few acres of
forest ?—
For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee
life.
Is then that noble end to feed this mind with knowledge,
To mix for mine own thirst the sparkling wine of wis-
dom,
To light with many lamps the caverns of my heart,

To reap, in the furrows of my brain, good-harvest of
right reasons?—

For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee
life.

Is it to grow stronger in self-government, to check the
chafing will,

To curb with tightening rein the mettled steeds of pas-
sion,

To welcome with calm heart, far in the voiceless de-
sert,

The gracious visitings of heaven that bless my single
self?—

For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee
life.

To aim at thine own happiness, is an end idolatrous and
evil,

In earth,—yea in heaven, if thou seek it for itself, seek-
ing thou shalt not find.

Happiness is a road-side flower, growing on the high-
ways of Usefulness,

Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is
fragrance to thy spirit:

Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own
weal,

Trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be
happy!

Thus, unto fair conclusions argueth generous youth,
And quickly he starteth on his course, knight-errant to
do good.

His sword is edged with arguments, his vizor terrible with
censures ;

He goeth full mailed in faith, and zeal is flaming at his
heart.

Yet one thing he lacketh, the Mentor of the
mind,

The quiet whisper of Discretion,—Thy time is not yet
come.

For he smiteth an oppressor; and vengeance for that
smiting

Is dealt in doubled stripes on the faint body of the vic-
tim :

He is glad to give and to distribute; and clamorous pau-
perism feasteth,

While honest labour, pining, hideth his sharp ribs :

He challengeth to a fair field that subtle giant Infi-
delity,

And worsted in the unequal fight, strengtheneth the
hands of error :

He hasteth to teach and preach, as the war-horse rusheth
to the battle,

And to pave a way for truth, would break up the Apen-
nines of prejudice :

He wearieth by stale proofs, where none looked for a
reason,

And to the listening ear will urge the false argument
of feeling.

So hath it often been, that, judging by results,

The hottest friends of truth have done her deadliest
wrong.

Alas ! for there are enemies without, glad enough to par-
ley with a traitor,

And a zealot will let down the draw-bridge; to prove his
own prowess :

Yea, from within will he break away a breach in the
citadel of truth,

That he may fill the gap; for fame, with his own weak
body.

Zeal without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto
good ;

Touch not the ark with unclean hand, yea, though it seem
to totter.

There are evil who work good, and there are good who
work evil,

And foolish backers of wisdom have brought on her many
reproaches.

Truth hath more than enough to combat in the minds of
all men,

For the mist of sense is a thick veil, and sin hath warped
their wills,

Yet doth an officious helper awkwardly prevent her
victory,—

These thy wounded hands were smitten in the house of
friends;—

To point out a meaning in her words, he will blot those
words with his finger ;

And winnow chaff into the eyes, before he hath wheat to
show :

He will heap sturdy logs on a faint expiring
fire,

And with a room in flames, will cast the casement
open ;

By a shoulder to the wheel downhill harasseth the labour-
ing beast,

And where obstruction were needed, will harm by an ill-
judged thrusting-on.

A vessel foundereth at sea, if a storm have unshipped the
rudder ;

And a mind with much sail shall require heavy bal-
last.

Take a lever by the middle, thou shalt seem to prove it
powerless,

Argue for truth indiscreetly, thou shalt toil for false-
hood.

There is plenty of room for a peaceable man in the most
thronged assembly ;
But a quarrelsome spirit is straitened in the open
field :
Many a teacher, lacking judgment, hindereth his own
lessons ;
And the savoury mess of pottage is spoiled by a bitter
herb ;
The garment woven of a piece is rashly torn by
schism,
Because its unwise claimants will not cast lots for its
possession.

Discretion guide thee on thy way, nobly-minded
youth,
Help thee to humour infirmities, to wink at innocent
errors,
To take small count of forms, to bear with prejudice
and fancy :
Discretion guard thine asking, discretion aid thine
answer,
Teach thee that well-timed silence hath more eloquence
than speech,
Whisper thee, thou art Weakness, though thy cause be
Strength,
And tell thee, the keystone of an arch can be loosened
with least labour from within.

The snows of Hecla lie around its troubled smoking
Geysers ;

Let the cool streams of prudence temper the hot spring
of zeal :

So shalt thou gain thine honourable end, nor lose the
midway prize ;

So shall thy life be useful, and thy young heart
happy.

OF TRIFLES.

YET once more, saith the fool, yet once, and is it not a
little one ?

Spare me this folly yet an hour, for what is one among
so many ?

And he blindeth his conscience with lies, and stupifieth
his heart with doubts ; —

Whom shall I harm in this matter ? and a little ill breed-
eth much good ;

My thoughts, are they not mine own ? and they leave no
mark behind them ;

And if God so pardoneth crime, how should these petty
sins affect him ?

So he transgresseth yet again, and falleth by little and
little,

Till the ground crumble beneath him, and he sinketh in
the gulf despairing.

For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not
produce great things,

And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead
eternally astray.

A landmark tree was once a seed ; and the dust in the
balance maketh a difference ;

And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a
pebble :

The dangerous bar in the harbour's mouth is only grains
of sand ;

And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a
colony of worms :

Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty
elephant ;

And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the
brook,

Little art thou, O man, and in trifles thou contendest
with thine equals,

For atoms must crowd upon atoms, ere crime groweth to
be a giant.

What, is thy servant a dog ?—not yet wilt thou grasp
the dagger,

Not yet wilt thou laugh with the scoffers, not yet betray
the innocent ;

But, if thou nourish in thy heart the reveries of injury or
passion,

And travel in mental heat the mazy labyrinths of guilt,

And then conceive it possible, and then reflect on it as
done,
And use, by little and little, thyself to regard thyself a
villain,
Not long will crime be absent from the voice that doth
invoke him to thy heart,
And bitterly wilt thou grieve, that the buds have ripened
into poison.

A spark is a molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the
world :

Vast is the mighty ocean, but drops have made it vast.
Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good ;
For a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy
wealth :

The walking this way or that, the casual stopping or
hastening,

Hath saved life, and destroyed it, hath cast down and
built up fortunes.

Commit thy trifles unto God, for to him is nothing trivial ;
And it is but the littleness of man that seeth no greatness
in trifles.

All things are infinite in parts, and the moral is as the
material,

Neither is anything vast, but it is compacted of atoms.
Thou art wise, and shalt find comfort, if thou study thy
pleasure in trifles,

For slender joys, often repeated, fall as sunshine on the heart :

Thou art wise, if thou beat off petty troubles, nor suffer their stinging to fret thee ;

Thrust not thy hand among the thorns, but with a leathern glove.

Regard nothing lightly which the wisdom of Providence hath ordered,

And therefore, consider all things that happen unto thee or unto others.

The warrior that stood against a host, may be pierced unto death by a needle ;

And the saint that feareth not the fire, may perish the victim of a thought :

A mote in the gunner's eye is as bad as a spike in the gun ;

And the cable of a furlong is lost through an ill-wrought inch.

The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness ;
And the deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of petty pains.

A fool observeth nothing, and seemeth wise unto himself ;

A wise man heedeth all things, and in his own eyes is a fool :

He that wondereth at nothing hath no capabilities of bliss ;

But he that scrutinizeth trifles hath a store of pleasure to
his hand.

If pestilence stalk through the land, ye say, This is God's
doing ;

Is it not also His doing, when an aphid creepeth on a
rose-bud ?—

If an avalanche roll from its Alp, ye tremble at the will
of providence ;

Is not that will concerned, when the sear leaves fall from
the poplar ?—

A thing is great or little only to a mortal's thinking,
But abstracted from the body, all things are alike im-
portant ;

The Ancient of Days noteth in his book the idle converse
of a creature,

And happy and wise is the man to whose thought ex-
isteth not a trifle.

OF RECREATION.

To join advantage to amusement, to gather profit with
pleasure,
Is the wise man's necessary aim, when he lieth in the
shade of recreation.
For he cannot fling aside his mind, nor bar up the flood-
gates of his wisdom ;
Yea, though he strain after folly, his mental monitor
shall check him :
For knowledge and ignorance alike have laws essential
to their being,—
The sage studieth amusements, and the simple laugheth
in his studies.
Few, but full of understanding, are the books of the
library of God,
And fitting for all seasons are the gain and the gladness
they bestow :

The volume of mystery and Grace, for the hour of deep
communings,

When the soul considereth intensely the startling marvel
of itself :

The book of destiny and Providence, for the time of sober
study,

When the mind gleaneth wisdom from the olive-grove of
history :

And the cheerful pages of Nature, to gladden the pleas-
ant holiday,

When the task of duty is complete, and the heart swel-
leth high with satisfaction.

The soul may not safely dwell too long with the deep
things of futurity ;

The mind may not always be bent back, like the Par-
thian, straining at the past : ("

And, if thou art wearied with wrestling on the broad
arena of science,

Leave awhile thy friendly foe, half vanquished in the
dust,

Refresh thy jaded limbs, return with vigour to the
strife,—

Thou shalt easier find thyself his master, for the vacant
interval of leisure.

That which may profit and amuse is gathered from the
volume of creation,

For every chapter therein teemeth with the playfulness
of wisdom.

The elements of all things are the same, though nature
hath mixed them with a difference,

And Learning delighteth to discover the affinity of seem-
ing opposites :

So out of great things and small draweth he the secrets
of the universe,

And argueth the cycles of the stars, from a pebble flung
by a child.

It is pleasant to note all plants, from the rush to the
spreading cedar,

From the giant king of palms,⁽¹⁵⁾ to the lichen that stain-
eth its stem ;

To watch the workings of instinct, that grosser reason of
brutes,—

The river-horse browsing in the jungle, the plover scream-
ing on the moor,

The cayman basking on a mud-bank, and the walrus
anchored to an iceberg,

The dog at his master's feet, and the milch-kine lowing
in the meadow :

To trace the consummate skill that hath modelled the
anatomy of insects,

Small fowls that sun their wings on the petals of wild
flowers ;

To learn a use in the beetle, and more than a beauty in
the butterfly ;

To recognize affections in a moth, and look with admir-
ation on a spider.

It is glorious to gaze upon the firmament, and see from
far the mansions of the blest,

Each distant shining world, a kingdom for one of the
redeemed ;

To read the antique history of earth, stamped upon those
medals in the rocks

Which Design hath rescued from decay, to tell of the
green infancy of time ;

To gather from the unconsidered shingle, the mottled
starlike agates,

Full of unstoried flowers in the bubbling bloom-chalce-
dony ;

Or gay and curious shells, fretted with microscopic
carving,

Corallines, and fresh seaweeds, spreading forth their
delicate branches.

It is an admirable lore, to learn the cause in the change,
To study the chemistry of Nature, her grand, but simple
secrets,

To search out all her wonders, to track the resources of
her skill,

To note her kind compensations, her unobtrusive excel-
lence.

In all it is wise happiness to see the well-ordained laws
of Jehovah,
The harmony that filleth all his mind, the justice that
tempereth his bounty,
The wonderful all-prevalent analogy that testifieth one
Creator,
The broad arrow of the Great King, carved on all the
stores of his arsenal.
But beware, O worshipper of God, thou forget not him in
his dealings,
Though the bright emanations of his power hide him in
created glory ;
For if, on the sea of knowledge, thou regardest not the
pole-star of religion,
Thy bark will miss her port, and run upon the sand-bar
of folly.
And if, enamoured of the means, thou considerest not the
scope to which they tend,
Wherein art thou wiser than the child, that is pleased
with toys and baubles ?
Verily, a trifling scholar, thou heedest but the letter of
instruction :
For as motive is spirit unto action, as memory endeareth
place,
As the sun doth fertilize the earth, as affection quicken-
eth the heart,
So is the remembrance of God in the varied wonders of
creation.

Man hath found out inventions, to cheat him of the
weariness of life,
To help him to forget realities, and hide the misery of
guilt.
For love of praise, and hope of gain, for passion and
delusive happiness,
He joineth the circle of folly, and heapeth on the fire of
excitement;
Oftentimes sadly out of heart at the tiresome insipidity
of pleasure,
Oftentimes labouring in vain, convinced of the palpable
deceit:
Yet a man speaketh to his brother, in the voice of glad
congratulation,
And thinketh others happy, though he himself be wretched:
And hand joineth hand, to help in the toil of amusement,
While the secret aching heart is vacant of all but disap-
pointment.
The cheapest pleasures are the best; and nothing is
more costly than sin;
Yet we mortgage futurity, counting it but little loss:
Neither can a man delight in that which breedeth sor-
row,
Yet do we hunt for joy even in the fires that consume it.
Whoso would find gladness may meet her in the hovel
of poverty,

Where benevolence hath scattered around the gleanings
of the horn of plenty :

Whoso would sun himself in peace, may be seen of her
in deeds of mercy,

When the pale lean cheek of the destitute is wet with
grateful tears.

If the mind is wearied by study, or the body worn with
sickness,

It is well to lie fallow for a while, in the vacancy of
sheer amusement ;*

But when thou prosperest in health, and thine intellect
can soar untired,

To seek uninstrusive pleasure is to slumber on the
couch of indolence.

THE TRAIN OF RELIGION.

STAY awhile, thou blessed band, be entreated, daughters
of heaven !

While the chance-met scholar of Wisdom learneth your
sacred names :

He is resting a little from his toil, yet a little on the
borders of earth,

And fain would he have you his friends, to bid him glad
welcome hereafter.

Who among the glorious art thou, that walkest a God-
dess and a Queen,

Thy crown of living stars, and a golden cross thy
sceptre ?

Who among flowers of loveliness is she, thy seeming
herald,

Yet she boasteth not thee nor herself, and her garments
are plain in their neatness ?

Wherefore is there one among the train, whose eyes are
red with weeping,

Yet is her open forehead beaming with the sun of
ecstasy ?

And who is that blood-stained warrior, with glory sitting
on his crest ?

And who that solemn sage, calm in majestic dig-
nity ?

Also, in the lengthening troop, see I some clad in robes
of triumph,

Whose fair and sunny faces I have known and loved on
earth :

Welcome, ye glorified Loves, Graces, and Sciences, and
Muses,

That, like sisters of charity, tended in this world's hos-
pital ;

Welcome, for verily I knew, ye could not but be child-
ren of the light,

Though earth hath soiled your robes, and robbed you of
half your glory ;

Welcome, chiefly welcome, for I find I have friends in
heaven,

And some I might scarce have looked for, as thou, light-
hearted Mirth ;

Thou also, star-robed Urania ; and thou, with the curious
glass,

That rejoicest in tracking wisdom where the eye was
too dull to note it :

And art thou too among the blessed, mild much-injured
Poetry ?

Who quickenest with light and beauty the leaden face of
matter,

Who not unheard, though silent, fillest earth's gardens
with music,

And not unseen, though a spirit, dost look down upon
us from the stars,—

That hast been to me for oil and for wine, to cheer and
uphold my soul,

When wearied, battling with the surge, the stunning
surge of life ;

Of thee, for well have I loved thee, of thee may I ask in
hope,

Who among the glorious is she, that walketh a Goddess
and a Queen ?

And who that fair-haired herald, and who that weeping
saint ?

And who that mighty warrior, and who that solemn
sage ?

Son, happy art thou that Wisdom hath led thee hither-
ward :

For otherwise never hadst thou known the joy-giving
name of our Queen.

Behold her, the life of men, the anchor of their ship-
wrecked hopes ;

Behold her, the shepherdess of souls, who bringeth back
the wanderers to God.

And for that modest herald, she is named on earth,
Humility :

And hast thou not known, my son, the tearful face of
Repentance ?

Faith is yon time-scarred hero, walking in the shade of
his laurels ;

And Reason, the serious sage, who followeth the footsteps
of Faith :

And we, all we, are but handmaids, ministers of minor
bliss,

Who rejoice to be counted servants in the train of a
Queen so glorious.

But for her name, son of man, it is strange to the lan-
guage of heaven,

For those who have never fallen need not and may not
learn it :

Ligeance we swear to our God, and ligeance well have
we kept ;

It is only the band of the redeemed who can tell thee
the fulness of that name :⁽¹⁶⁾

Yet will I comfort thee, my son, for the love wherewith
thou hast loved me,

And thou shalt touch for thyself the golden sceptre of
Religion.

So that blessed train passed by me : but the vision was
sealed upon my soul ;

And its memory is shrined in fragrance, for the promise
of the Spirit was true :

I learn from the silent poem of all creation round me,
How beautiful their feet, who follow in that train.

OF A TRINITY.(17)

DESPISE not, shrewd reckoner, the God of a good man's
worship,
Neither let thy calculating folly gainsay the unity of
three :
Nor scorn another's creed, although he cannot solve thy
doubts ;
Reason is the follower of faith, where he may not be
precursor :
It is written, and so we believe, waiting not for outward
proof,
Inasmuch as mysteries inscrutable are the clear preroga-
tives of godhead.
Reason hath nothing positive, faith hath nothing doubt-
ful,
And the height of unbelieving wisdom is to question all
things.

When there is marvel in a doctrine, faith is joyful and
adoreth ;

But when all is clear, what place is left for faith ?

Tell me the sum of thy knowledge,—is it yet assured of
anything ?

Despise not what is wonderful, when all things are won-
derful around thee.

From the multitude of like effects, thou sayest, behold a
law :

And the matter thou art baffled in unmaking, is to thy
mind an element.

Then look abroad, I pray thee, for analogy holdeth every-
where,

And the Maker hath stamped his name on every crea-
ture of his hand :

I know not of a matter or a spirit, that is not three in one,
And truly should account it for a marvel, a coin without
the image of its Cæsar.

Man talketh of himself as ignorant, but judgeth by him-
self as wise :

His own guess counteth he truth, but the notions of
another are his scorn.

But bear thou yet with a brother, whose thought may be
less subtle than thine own,

And suffer the passing speculation suggested by analo-
gies to faith.

Like begetteth like, and the great sea of Existence
In each of its uncounted waves holdeth up a mirror to
its Maker :

Like begetteth like, and the spreading tree of being
With each of its trefoil leaves pointeth at the trinity of
God.

Let him, whose eyes have been unfilmed, read this homily
in all things,

And thou of duller sight, despise not him that readeth :
There be three grand principles ; life, generation, and
obedience ;

Shadowing in every creature, the Spirit, and the Father,
and the Son.

There be three grand unities, variously mixed in tri-
nities,

Three catholic divisors of the million sums of matter :
Yea, though science hath not seen it, climbing the lad-
der of experiment,

Let faith, in the presence of her God, promulgate the
mighty truth ;

Of three sole elements all nature's works consist :
The pine, and the rock to which it clingeth, and the
eagle sailing around it ;

The lion, and the northern whale, and the deeps wherein
he sporteth ;

The lizard sleeping in the sun ; the lightning flashing
from a cloud ;

The rose, and the ruby, and the pearl ; each one is made
of three ;

And the three be the like ingredients, mingled in diverse
measures.

Thyself hast within thyself body, and life, and mind ;
Matter, and breath, and instinct, unite in all beasts of
the field :

Substance, coherence, and weight fashion the fabrics of
the earth ;

The will, the doing, and the deed combine to frame a
fact :

The stem, the leaf, and the flower ; beginning, middle,
and end ;

Cause, circumstance, consequent : and every three is
one.

Yea, the very breath of man's life consisteth of a trinity
of vapours,

And the noonday light is a compound, the triune shadow
of Jehovah.⁽¹⁸⁾

Shall all things else be in mystery, and God alone be
understood ?

Shall finite fathom infinity, though it sound not the
shallows of creation ?

Shall a man comprehend his Maker, being yet a riddle
to himself ?

Or time teach the lesson that eternity cannot master ?

If God be nothing more than one, a child can compass
the thought ;

But seraphs fail to unravel the wondrous unity of
three.

One verily He is, for there can be but one who is all
mighty ;

Yet the oracles of nature and religion proclaim Him
three in one.

And where were the value to thy soul, O miserable
denizen of earth,

Of the idle pageant of the cross, where hung no sacrifice
for thee ?

Where the worth to thine impotent heart, of that stirred
Bethesda,

All numbed and palsied as it is, by the scorpion stings
of sin ?

No,—thy trinity of nature, enchained by treble death,
Helplessly craveth of its God, Himself for three salva-
tions :

The soul to be reconciled in love, the mind to be glorified
in light,

While this poor dying body leapeth into life.

And if indeed for us all the costly ransom hath been paid,
Bethink thee, could less than Deity have owned so vast a
treasure ?

Could a man contend with God, and stand against the
bosses of His buckler,

Rendering the balance for guilt, atonement to the uttermost ?

Thou art subtle to thine own thinking, but wisdom judgeth thee a fool,

Resolving thou wilt not bow the knee to a Being thou canst not comprehend :

The mind that could compass perfection were itself perfection's equal ;

And reason refuseth its homage to a God who can be fully understood.

Thou that despisest mystery, yet canst expound nothing,
Wherefore rejectest thou the fact that solveth the enigma of all things ?

Wherefore veilest thou thine eyes, lest the light of revelation sun them,

And puttest aside the key that would open the casket of truth ?

The mind and the nature of God is shadowed in all his works,

And none could have guessed of his essence, had He not uttered it himself.

Therefore, thou child of folly, that scornest the record of his wisdom,

Learn from the consistencies of nature the needful miracle of godhead :

Yea, let the heathen be thy teacher, who adoreth many gods,

For there is no wide-spread error that hath not truth for
its beginning.

Be content ; thine eye cannot see all the sides of a cube
at one view,

Nor thy mind in the selfsame moment follow two ideas :
There are now many marvels in thy creed, believing what
thou seest,

Then let not the conceit of intellect hinder thee from
worshipping mystery.

OF THINKING.

REFLECTION is a flower of the mind, giving out whole-
some fragrance,
But reverie is the same flower, when rank and running
to seed.
Better to read little with thought, than much with levity
and quickness;
For mind is not as merchandize, which decreaseth in
the using,
But liker to the passions of man, which rejoice and ex-
pand in exertion :
Yet live not wholly on thine own ideas, lest they lead
thee astray ;
For in spirit, as in substance, thou art a social crea-
ture ;
And if thou leanest on thyself, thou rejectest the guid-
ance of thy betters,

Yea, thou contemnest all men,—Am I not wiser than
they?—

Foolish vanity hath blinded thee, and warped thy weak
judgment:

For, though new ideas flow from new springs, and
enrich the treasury of knowledge,

Yet listen often, ere thou think much; and look around
thee ere thou judgest.

Memory, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming
mother of Wisdom,

And safer is he that storeth knowledge, than he that
maketh it for himself.

Imagination is not thought, neither is fancy reflection:

Thought paceth like a hoary sage, but imagination hath
wings as an eagle;

Reflection sternly considereth, nor is sparing to condemn
evil,

But fancy lightly laugheth, in the sun-clad gardens of
amusement.

For the shy game of the fowler the quickest shot is the
surest;

But with slow care and measured aim the gunner pointeth
his cannon:

So for all less occasions, the surface-thought is best,
But to be master of the great, take thou heavier metal.

It is a good thing, and a wholesome, to search out bosom
sins,

But to be the hero of selfish imaginings, is the subtle
poison of pride:

At night, in the stillness of thy chamber, guard and
curb thy thoughts,

And in recounting the doings of the day, beware that
thou do it with prayer,

Or thinking will be an idle pleasure, and retrospect yield
no fruit.

Steer the bark of thy mind from the syren isle of
reverie,

And let a watchful spirit mingle with the glance of recol-
lection :

Also, in examining thine heart, in sounding the foun-
tain of thine actions,

Be more careful of the evil than of the good ; and
humble thyself in thy sin.

The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of
thyself,

For thus only canst thou learn the character of God
toward thee.

He made thee, and thou art : he redeemed thee, and thou
wilt be :

Thou art evil, yet he loveth thee : thou sinnest, yet he
pardoneth thee.

Though thou canst not perceive him, yet is he in all his
works,

Infinite in grand outline, infinite in minute perfection :
Nature is the chart of God, mapping out all his attributes ;

Art is the shadow of his wisdom, and copieth his resources.

Thou knowest the laws of matter to be emanations of his
will,

And thy best reason for aught is this,—thou, Lord,
wouldst have it so.

Yea, what is any law but an absolute decree of God ?

Or the properties of matter and mind, but the arbitrary
fiats of Jehovah ?

He made and ordained necessity ; he forged the chain of
reason ;

And holdeth in his own right-hand the first of the golden
links.

A fool regardeth mind as the spiritual essence of matter,
And not rather matter as the gross accident of mind.

Can finite govern infinite, or a part exceed the whole,
Or the wisdom of God sit down at the feet of innate
necessity ?

Necessity is a creature of his hand : for He can never
change ;

And chance hath no existence where everything is need-
ful.

Canst thou measure Omnipotence, canst thou conceive
Ubiquity,

Which guideth the meanest reptile, and quickeneth the
brightest seraph,

Which steereth the particle of dust, and commandeth the
path of the comet ?

To Him all things are equal, for all things are neces-
sary.

The smith is weary at his forge, and weldeth the metal
carelessly,

And the anchor breaketh in its bed ; and the vessel found-
ereth with her crew :

A word of anger is muttered, engendering the midnight
murder :

The sun bursteth from a cloud, and maddeneth the
toiling husbandman.

Shall these things be, and God not know it ?

Shall he know, and not be in them ? shall he see and not
be among them ?

And how can they be otherwise than as he know-
eth ?

Truly, the Lord is in all things ; verily, he worketh in
all.

Think thus, and thy thoughts are firm, ascribing each
circumstance to Him ;

Yet know surely, and believe the truth, that God willeth
not evil :

For adversities are blessings in disguise, and wickedness
the Lord abhorreth ;
That he is in all things is an axiom, and that he is
righteous in all :
Ascribe holiness to Him, while thou musest on the
mystery of sin,
For infinite can grasp that, which finite cannot com-
pass.

In works of art, think justly : what praise canst thou
render unto man ?
For he made not his own mind, nor is he the source of
contrivance.
If a cunning workman make an engine that fashioneth
curious works,
Which hath the praise, the machine or its maker,—the
engine or he that framed it ?
And could he frame it so subtly as to give it a will and
freedom,
Endow it with complicated powers, and a glorious living
soul,
Who, while he admireth the wondrous understanding
creature,
Will not pay deeper homage to the Maker of master
minds ?
Otherwise, thou art senseless as the pagan, that adoreth
his own handy-work ;

Yea, while thou boastest of thy wisdom, thy mind is as
the mind of the savage,
For he boweth down to his idols, and thou art a wor-
shipper of self,
Giving to the reasoning machine the credit due to its
creator.

The key-stone of thy mind, to give thy thoughts so-
lidity,
To bind them as in an arch, to fix them as the world in
its sphere,
Is to learn from the book of the Lord, to drink from the
well of his wisdom.
Who can condense the sun, or analyse the fulness of the
Bible,
So that its ideas be gathered, and the harvest of its wis-
dom be brought in ?
That book is easy to the man who setteth his heart to
understand it,
But to the careless and profane it shall seem the foolish-
ness of God ;
And it is a delicate test to prove thy moral state ;
To the humble disciple it is bread, but a stone to the
proud and unbelieving :
A scorner shall find nothing but the husks, wherewith to
feed his hunger,

But for the soul of the simple, it is plenty of full-ripe
wheat.

The Scripture abideth the same, in the sober majesty of
truth ;

And the differing aspects of its teaching proceed from
diversity in minds.

He that would learn to think may gain that knowledge
there ;

For the living word, as an angel, standeth at the gate of
wisdom,

And publisheth, This is the way, walk ye surely in it.
Religion taketh by the hand the humble pupil of repent-
ance,

And teacheth him lessons of mystery, solving the ques-
tions of doubt ;

She maketh man worthy of himself, of his high prero-
gative of reason,

Threadeth all the labyrinths of thought, and leadeth him
to his God.

Come hither, child of meditation, upon whose high fair
forehead

Glittereth the star of mind in its unearthly lustre,

Hast thou nought to tell us of thine airy joys,—

When borne on sinewy pinions, strong as the western
condor,

The soul, after soaring for a while round the cloud-
capped Andes of reflection,
Glad in its conscious immortality, leaveth a world be-
hind,
To dare at one bold flight the broad Atlantic to ano-
ther ?
Hast thou no secret pangs to whisper common
men,
No dread of thine own energies, still active day and
night,
Lest too ecstatic heat sublime thyself away,
Or vivid horrors, sharp and clear, madden thy tense
fibres ?
In half-shaped visions of sleep hast thou not feared thy
fittings,
Lest reason, like a raking hawk, return not to thy
call ;
Nor waked to work-day life with throbbing head and
heart,
Nor welcomed early dawn to save thee from un-
rest ?
For the wearied spirit lieth as a fainting maiden,
Captive and borne away on the warrior's foam-
covered steed,
And sinketh down wounded, as a gladiator on the
sand,

While the keen faulchion of intellect is cutting through
the scabbard of the brain.

Imagination, like a shadowy giant looming through the
twilight of the Hartz,

Shall overwhelm Judgment with affright, and scare him
from his throne :

In a dream thou mayst be mad, and feel the fire within
thee ;

In a dream thou mayst travel out of self, and see thee
with the eyes of another ;

Or sleep in thine own corpse ; or wake as in many
bodies ;

Or swell, as expanded to infinity ; or shrink, as imprisoned to a point ;

Or among mossgrown ruins may wander with the sullen
disembodied,

And gaze upon their glassy eyes until thy heart-blood
freeze.

Alone must thou stand, O man ! alone at the bar of
judgment ;

Alone must thou bear thy sentence, alone must thou
answer for thy deeds :

Therefore it is well thou retirest often to secrecy and
solitude,

To feel that thou art accountable separately from thy
fellows :

For a crowd hideth truth from the eyes, society drown-
eth thought,

And being but one among many stiflcth the chidings
of conscience.

Solitude bringeth woe to the wicked, for his crimes are
told out in his ear ;

But addeth peace to the good, for the mercies of his God
are numbered.

Thou mayst know if it be well with a man,—loveth he
gaiety or solitude ?

For the troubled river rusheth to the sea, but the calm
lake slumbereth among the mountains.

How dear to the mind of the sage are the thoughts that
are bred in loneliness,

For there is as it were music at his heart, and he talketh
within him as with friends :

But guilt maddeneth the brain, and terror glareth in the
eye,

Where, in his solitary cell, the malefactor wrestleth with
remorse.

Give me but a lodge in the wilderness, drop me on an
island in the desert,

And thought shall yield me happiness, though I may
not increase it by imparting :

For the soul never slumbereth, but is as the eye of the
Eternal,

And mind, the breath of God, knoweth not ideal
vacuity :

At night, after weariness and watching, the body sink-
eth into sleep,

But the mental eye is awake, and thou reasonest in thy
dreams :

In a dream thou mayst live a lifetime, and all be forgot-
ten in the morning :

Even such is life, and so soon perisheth its memory.

OF SPEAKING.

SPEECH is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought;
Yet oftentimes runneth it to husks, and the grains be
withered and scanty :
Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly prerogative of
man,
That likeneth him to his Maker, who spake, and it was
done :
Spirit may mingle with spirit, but sense requireth a
symbol ;
And speech is the body of a thought, without which it
were not seen.
When thou walkest, musing with thyself, in the green
aisles of the forest,
Utter thy thinkings aloud, that they take a shape and
being ;

For he that pondereth in silence crowdeth the storehouse
of his mind,
And though he have heaped great riches, yet is he
hindered in the using.
A man that speaketh too little, and thinketh much and
deeply,
Corrodeth his own heart-strings, and keepeth back good
from his fellows :
A man that speaketh too much, and museth but little
and lightly,
Wasteth his mind in words, and is counted a fool among
men :
But thou, when thou hast thought, weave charily the web
of meditation,
And clothe the ideal spirit in the suitable garments of
speech.

Uttered out of time, or concealed in its season, good
savoureth of evil ;
To be secret looketh like guilt, to speak out may breed
contention :
Often have I known the honest heart, flaming with
indignant virtue,
Provoke unneeded war by its rash ambassador the
tongue :
Often have I seen the charitable man go so slily on his
mission,

That those who met him in the twilight, took him for a
skulking thief :

I have heard the zealous youth telling out his holy
secrets

Before a swinish throng, who mocked him as he
spake ;

And I considered, his openness was hardening them that
mocked,

Whereas a judicious keeping-back might have won
their sympathy :

I have judged rashly and harshly the hand, liberal in the
dark,

Because in the broad daylight, it hath holden it a virtue
to be close ;

And the silent tongue have I condemned, because reserve
hath chained it,

That it hid, yea from a brother, the kindness it hath
done by comforting.

No need to sound a trumpet, but less to hush a foot-
fall :

Do thou thy good openly, not as though the doing were
a crime.

Secresy goeth cowed, and Honesty demandeth, where-
fore ?

For he judgeth,—judgeth he not well ?—that nothing
need be hid but guilt :

Why should thy good be evil spoken of through thine
unrighteous silence ?

If thou art challenged, speak, and prove the good thou
doest.

The free example of benevolence, unobtruded, yet un-
hidden,

Soundeth in the ears of sloth, Go, and do thou like-
wise :

And I wot the hypocrite's sin to be of darker dye,
Because the good man, fearing, thereby hideth his
light :

But neither God nor man hath bid thee cloak thy
good,

When a seasonable word would set thee in thy sphere,
that all might see thy brightness.

Ascribe the honour to thy Lord, but be thou jealous of
that honour,

Nor think it light and worthless, because thou mayst not
wear it for thyself :

Remember thy grand prerogative is free unshackled
utterance,

And suffer not the flood-gates of secresy to lock the full
river of thy speech.

Come, I will show thee an affliction, unnumbered among
• this world's sorrows,

Yet real and wearisome and constant, embittering the
cup of life.

There be, who can think within themselves, and the fire
burneth at their heart,

And eloquence waiteth at their lips, yet they speak not
with their tongue :

There be, whom zeal quickeneth, or slander stirreth to
reply,

Or need constraineth to ask, or pity sendeth as her
messengers,

But nervous dread and sensitive shame freeze the cur-
rent of their speech ;

The mouth is sealed as with lead, a cold weight presseth
on the heart,

The mocking promise of power is once more broken in
performance,

And they stand impotent of words, travailing with un-
born thoughts :

Courage is cowed at the portal ; wisdom is widowed of
utterance ;

He that went to comfort, is pitied ; he that should re-
buke, is silent.

And fools who might listen and learn, stand by to look
and laugh ;

While friends, with kinder eyes, wound deeper by com-
passion.

And thought, finding not a vent, smouldereth, gnawing
at the heart,

And the man sinketh in his sphere, for lack of empty
sounds.

There be many cares and sorrows thou hast not yet con-
sidered,

And well may thy soul rejoice in the fair privilege of
speech ;

For at every turn to want a word,—thou canst not guess
that want ;

It is as lack of breath or bread : life hath no grief more
galling.

Come, I will tell thee of a joy, which the parasites of
pleasure have not known,

Though earth and air and sea have gorged all the appe-
tites of sense.

Behold, what fire is in his eye, what fervour on his
cheek !

That glorious burst of winged words !—how bound they
from his tongue !

The full expression of the mighty thought, the strong
triumphant argument,

The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Nia-
gara,

The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine poetic
image,

The nice analogy, the clenching fact, the metaphor bold
and free,
The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omnipotence of truth,
The grandeur of his speech, in his majesty of mind !
Champion of the right,—patriot, or priest, or pleader of
the innocent cause,
Upon whose lips the mystic bee hath dropped the honey
of persuasion,⁽¹⁹⁾
Whose heart and tongue have been touched as of old, by
the live coal from the altar,
How wide the spreading of thy peace, how deep the
draught of thy pleasures !
To hold the multitude as one, breathing in measured
cadence,
A thousand men with flashing eyes, waiting upon thy
will ;
A thousand hearts kindled by thee with consecrated
fire,
Ten flaming spiritual hecatombs offered on the mount
of God :
And now a pause, a thrilling pause,—they live but in
thy words,—
Thou hast broken the bounds of self, as the Nile at its
rising,
Thou art expanded into them, one faith, one hope, one
spirit,

They breathe but in thy breath, their minds are passive
unto thine,

Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affec-
tions to thy purpose,

And all, in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous
emotions.

Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall
throne thee with archangels.

OF READING.

ONE drachma for a good book, and a thousand talents for
a true friend ;—

So standeth the market, where scarce is ever costly :

Yea, were the diamonds of Golconda common as shingles
on the shore,

A ripe apple would ransom kings before a shining stone ;

And so, were a wholesome book as rare as an honest
friend,

To choose the book be mine : the friend let another take.

For altered looks and jealousies and fears have none en-
trance there ;

The silent volume listeneth well, and speaketh when
thou listest :

It praiseth thy good without envy, it chideth thine evil
without malice,

It is to thee thy waiting slave, and thine unbending
teacher.

Need to humour no caprice, need to bear with no infirmity ;
Thy sin, thy slander, or neglect, chilleth not, quencheth not, its love :
Unalterably speaketh it the truth, warped nor by error nor interest ;
For a good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever.

To draw thee out of self, thy petty plans and cautions,
To teach thee what thou lackest, to tell thee how largely thou art blest,
To lure thy thought from sorrow, to feed thy famished mind,
To graft another's wisdom on thee, pruning thine own folly,
Choose discreetly, and well digest the volume most suited to thy case,
Touching not religion with levity, nor deep things when thou art wearied.
Thy mind is freshened by morning air, grapple with science and philosophy :
Noon hath unnerved thy thoughts, dream for awhile on fictions:
Grey evening sobereth thy spirit, walk thou then with worshippers :

But reason shall dig deepest in the night, and fancy fly
most free.

O books, ye monuments of mind, concrete wisdom of the
wisest ;

Sweet solaces of daily life ; proofs and results of immor-
tality ;

Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are for the healing
of the nations ;

Groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear a
flaming sword ;

Gentle comrades, kind advisers ; friends, comforts, trea-
sures ;

Helps, governments, diversities of tongues ; who can
weigh your worth ?—

To walk no longer with the just ; to be driven from the
porch of science ;

To bid long adieu to those intimate ones, poets, philoso-
phers, and teachers ;

To see no record of the sympathies which bind thee in
communion with the good ;

To be thrust from the feet of Him, who spake as never
man spake ;

To have no avenue to heaven but the dim aisle of su-
perstition ;

To live as an Esquimaux, in lethargy ; to die as the
Mohawk in ignorance ;

O what were life, but a blank ? what were death, but a
terror ?

What were man, but a burden to himself ? what were
mind, but misery ?

Yea, let another Omar burn the full library of know-
ledge, (10)

And the broad world may perish in the flames, offered on
the ashes of its wisdom !

OF WRITING.

THE pen of a ready writer, whereunto shall it be
likened ?

Ask of the scholar, he shall know,—to the chains that
bind a Proteus :

Ask of the poet, he shall say,—to the sun, the lamp of
heaven ;

Ask of thy neighbour, he can answer,—to the friend that
telleth my thought ;

The merchant considereth it well, as a ship freighted
with wares ;

The divine holdeth it a miracle, giving utterance to
the dumb.

It fixeth, expoundeth, and disseminateth sentiment ;

Chaining up a thought, clearing it of mystery, and send-
ing it bright into the world.

To think rightly, is of knowledge ; to speak fluently, is
of nature ;

To read with profit, is of care ; but to write aptly, is of practice.

No talent among men hath more scholars and fewer masters :

For to write is to speak beyond hearing, and none stand by to explain.

To be accurate, write ; to remember, write ; to know thine own mind, write ;

And a written prayer is a prayer of faith ; special, sure, and to be answered.

Hast thou a thought upon thy brain, catch it while thou canst ;

Or other thoughts shall settle there, and this shall soon take wing :

Thine uncompounded unity of soul, which argueth and maketh it immortal,

Yieldeth up its momentary self to every single thought ;
Therefore, to husband thine ideas, and give them stability and substance,

Write often for thy secret eye : so shalt thou grow wiser.

The commonest mind is full of thoughts ; some worthy of the rarest ;

And could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its wealth.

O precious compensation to the dumb, to write his wants
and wishes ;

O dear amends to the stammering tongue, to pen his
burning thoughts !

To be of the college of Eloquence, through these silent
symbols ;

To pour out all the flowing mind without the toil of
speech ;

To show the babbling world how it might discourse more
sweetly ;

To prove that merchandize of words bringeth no monopoly
of wisdom ;

To take sweet vengeance on a prating crew, for the
tongue's dishonour,

By the large triumph of the pen, the homage rendered to
a writing.

With such, that telegraph of mind is dearer than wealth
or wisdom,

Enabling to please without pain, to impart without
humiliation.

Fair girl, whose eye hath caught the rustic penmanship
of love,

Let thy bright brow and blushing cheek confess in this
sweet hour,—

Let thy full heart, poor guilty one, whom the scroll of
pardon hath just reached,—

Thy wet glad face, O mother, with news of a far-off child,—
Thy strong and manly delight, pilgrim of other shores,
When the dear voice of thy betrothed speaketh in the
letter of affection ;—

Let the young poet, exulting in his lay, and hope (how
false) of fame,

While watching at deep midnight, he buildeth up the
verse,—

Let the calm child of genius, whose name shall never die,
For that the transcript of his mind hath made his thoughts
immortal,—

Let these, let all, with no faint praise, with no light
gratitude, confess

The blessings poured upon the earth from the pen of a
ready writer.

Moreover, their preciousness in absence is proved by the
desire of their presence :

When the despairing lover waiteth day after day,
Looking for a word in reply, one word writ by that hand,
And cursing bitterly the morn ushered in by blank dis-
appointment :

Or when the longlooked-for answer argueth a cooling
friend,

And the mind is plied suspiciously with dark inexplicable
doubts,

While thy wounded heart counteth its imaginary scars,

And thou art the innocent and injured, that friend the
capricious and in fault :

Or when the earnest petition, that craveth for thy needs,
Unheeded, yea unopened, tortureth with starving delay :
Or when the silence of a son, who would have written of
his welfare,

Racketh a father's bosom with sharp-cutting fears.

For a letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection,

And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder.

The pen, flowing with love, or dipped black in hate,

Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with
censure,

Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than
the sword,

More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning
fortune :

And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath
most profit in the world,

For answer take thou this, The prudent penning of a letter.

Thou hast not lost an hour, whereof there is a record ;

A written thought at midnight shall redeem the livelong
day.

Idea is as a shadow that departeth, speech is fleeting as
the wind,

Reading is an unremembered pastime ; but a writing is
eternal :

For therein the dead heart liveth, the clay-cold tongue is
eloquent,

And the quick eye of the reader is cleared by the reed of
the scribe.

As a fossil in the rock, or a coin in the mortar of a ruin,
So the symbolled thoughts tell of a departed soul :

The plastic hand hath its witness in a statue, and exacti-
tude of vision in a picture,

And so, the mind, that was among us, in its writings is
embalmed.

OF WEALTH.

PRODIGALITY hath a sister Meanness, his fixed antagonist
heart-fellow,

Who often outliveth the short career of the brother she
despiseth :

She hath lean lips and a sharp look, and her eyes are red
and hungry ;

But he sloucheth in his gait, and his mouth speaketh
loosely and maudlin.

Let a spendthrift grow to be old, he will set his heart on
saving,

And labour to build up by penury that which extravagance
threw down :

Even so, with most men, do riches earn themselves a
double curse ;—

They are ill-got by tight dealing ; they are ill-spent by
loose squandering.

Give me enough, saith Wisdom ;—for he feareth to ask
for more ;

And that by the sweat of my brow, addeth stout-hearted
Independence :

Give me enough, and not less, for want is leagued with
the tempter ;

Poverty shall make a man desperate, and hurry him
ruthless into crime :

Give me enough, and not more, saving for the children of
distress ;

Wealth oft-times killeth, where want but hindered the
budding :

There is green glad summer near the pole, though brief
and after long winter,

But the burnt breasts of the torrid zone yield never kindly
nourishment.

Wouldst thou be poor, scatter to the rich,—and reap
the tares of ingratitude ;

Wouldst thou be rich, give unto the poor ;—thou shalt
have thine own again with usury :

For the secret hand of Providence prospereth the chari-
table all ways,

Good luck shall he have in his pursuits, and his heart
shall be glad within him ;

Yet perchance he never shall perceive, that even as to
earthly gains,

The cause of his weal, as of his joy, hath been small giv-
ings to the poor.

In the plain of Benares is there found a root that
fathereth a forest,

Where round the parent banian-tree drop its living
scions ;

Thirstily they strain to the earth, like stalactites in a
grotto,

And strike broad roots, and branch again, lengthening
their cool arcades :

And the dervish madly danceth there, and the faquir is
torturing his flesh,

And the calm brahmin worshippeth the sleek and
pampered bull ;

At the base lean jackalls coil, while from above
depending

With dull malignant stare watcheth the branch-like
boa.

Even so, in man's heart is a sin that is the root of all
evil ;

Whose fibres strangle the affections, whose branches
overgrow the mind :

And oftenest beneath its shadow thou shalt meet dis-
torted piety,—

The clenched and rigid fist, with the eyes upturned to
heaven,

I saw the humble relation that tended the peevishness of
wealth,

And ministered, with kind hand, to the wailings of
disease and discontent :

I noted how watchfulness and care were feeding on the
marrow of her youth,

How heavy was the yoke of dependence, loaded by
petty tyranny ;

Yet I heard the frequent suggestion,—It can be but a
little longer,

Patience and mute submission shall one day reap a rich
reward.

So, tacitly enduring much, waited that humble
friend,

Putting off the lover of her youth until the dawn of
wealth :

And it came, that day of release, and the freed heart
could not sorrow,

For now were the years of promise to yield their golden
harvest :

Hope, so long deferred, sickly sparkled in her eye,

The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the
happier future,

And she checked, as unworthy and ungrateful, the dark
suspicious thought

That perchance her right had been the safer, if not left
alone with honour ;

But, alas, the sad knowledge soon came, that her stern
task-master's will

Hath rewarded her toil with a jibe, her patience with
utter destitution !—

Shall not the scourge of justice lash that cruel coward,
Who mingled the gall of ingratitude with the bitterness
of disappointment ?

Shall not the hate of men, and vengeance, fiercely
pursuing,

Hunt down the wretched being that sinneth in his grave ?

He fancied his idol self safe from the wrath of his fellows,

But Hades rose as he came in, to point at him the finger
of scorn ;

And again must he meet that orphan-maid, to answer her
face to face,

And her wrongs shall cling around his neck, to hinder
him from rising with the just :

For his last most solemn act hath linked his name with
liar,

And the crime of Ananias is branded on his brow !

A good man commendeth his case to the one great
Patron of innocence,

Convinced of justice at the last, and sure of good mean-
while.

He knoweth he hath a Guardian, wise and kind and
strong,

And can thank Him for giving, or refusing, the trust or
the curse of riches :

His confidence standeth as a rock ; he dreadeth not
malice nor caprice,

Nor the whisperings of artful men, nor envious secret
influence ;

He scorneth servile compromise, and the pliant
mouthings of deceit ;

He maketh not a show of love, where he cannot concede
esteem ;

He regardeth ill-got wealth, as the root most fruitful of
wretchedness,

So he walketh in straight integrity, leaning on God and
his right.

No gain, but by its price : labour, for the poor man's
meal,

Ofttimes heart-sickening toil, to win him a morsel for his
hunger ;

Labour, for the chapman at his trade, a dull unvaried
round,

Year after year, unto death ; yea, what a weariness is it !

Labour, for the pale-faced scribe, drudging at his hated
desk,

Who bartereth for needful pittance the untold gold of
health ;

Labour, with fear, for the merchant, whose hopes are
ventured on the sea ;

Labour, with care, for the man of law, responsible in his
gains ;

Labour, with envy and annoyance, where strangers will
thee wealth ;

Labour, with indolence and gloom, where wealth falleth
from a father ;

Labour unto all, whether aching thews, or aching head,
or spirit,—

The curse on the sons of men, in all their states, is labour.

Nevertheless, to the diligent, labour bringeth blessing :

The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is as
pleasure ;

And time spent in doing hath a comfort that is not for
the idle,

The hardship is transmuted into joy, by the dear alchemy
of Mercy.

Labour is good for a man, bracing up his energies to
conquest,

And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself
useless ;

For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty
hinges,

And the grasp of the mind is weakened, as the talons of
a caged vulture.

Wealth hath never given happiness, but often hastened
misery ;

Enough hath never caused misery, but often quickened
happiness :

Enough is less than thy thought, O pampered creature
of society,

And he that hath more than enough, is a thief of the
rights of his brother.

OF INVENTION.

MAN is proud of his mind, boasting that it giveth him
divinity,
Yet with all its powers can it originate nothing;
For the great God into all his works hath largely
poured out himself,
Saving one special property, the grand prerogative,—
Creation.
To improve and expand is ours, as well as to limit and
defeat;
But to create a thought or a thing is hopeless and impos-
sible.
Can a man make matter?—and yet this would-be
god
Thinketh to make mind, and form original idea :
The potter must have his clay, and the mason his
quarry,

And mind must drain ideas from everything around
it.

Doth the soil generate herbs, or the torrid air breed
flies,

Or the water frame its monads, or the mist its swarming
blight?—

Mediately, through thousand generations, having seed
within themselves,

All things, rare or gross, own one common Father.

Truly spake Wisdom, There is nothing new under the
sun :

We only arrange and combine the ancient elements of all
things.

Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in
motion ;

A sharpening of the spiritual sight, to discern hidden
aptitudes :

From the basket and acanthus, is modelled the graceful
capital ;

The shadowed profile on the wall helpeth the limner to
his likeness ;

The footmarks stamped in clay lead on the thoughts to
printing ;

The strange skin garments cast upon the shore suggest
another hemisphere ;⁽¹⁾

A falling apple taught the sage pervading gravi-
tation ;

The Huron is certain of his prey, from tracks upon the
grass;
And shrewdness guessing on the hint, followeth up the
trail:
But the hint must be given, the trail must be there, or
the keenest sight is as blindness.

Behold the barren reef, which an earthquake hath just
left dry;
It hath no beauty to boast of, no harvest of fair
fruits:
But soon the lichen fixeth there, and, dying, diggeth its
own grave,⁽²⁾
And softening suns and splitting frosts crumble the
reluctant surface;
And cormorants roost there, and the snail addeth its
slime,
And efts, with muddy feet, bring their welcome
tribute,
And the sea casteth out her dead, wrapped in a shroud of
weeds,
And orderly nature arrangeth again the disunited
atoms:
Anon, the cold smooth stone is warm with feathery
grass,
And the light sporules of the fern are dropt by the
passing wind,

The wood-pigeon, on swift wing, leaveth its crop-full of
grain,

The squirrel's jealous care planteth the fir-cone and the
filbert :

Years pass, and the sterile rock is rank with tangled
herbage ;

The wild-vine clingeth to the briar, and ivy runneth
green among the corn,

Lordly beeches are studded on the down, and willows
crowd around the rivulet,

And the tall pine and hazel-thicket shade the rambling
school-boy.

Shall the rock boast of its fertility ? shall it lift the head
in pride ?—

Shall the mind of man be vain of the harvest of its
thoughts ?

The savage is that rock ; and a million chances from
without,

By little and little acting on the mind, heap up the
hotbed of society ;

And the soul, fed and fattened on the thoughts and
things around it,

Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit of foreign
seeds.

For we learn upon a hint, we find upon a clue,

We yield an hundred-fold ; but the great sower is
Analogy.

There must be an acrid sloe before a luscious peach,

A boll of rotting flax before the bridal veil,

An egg before an eagle, a thought before a thing,

A spark struck into tinder, to light the lamp of knowledge,

A slight suggestive nod to guide the watching mind,

A half-seen hand upon the wall pointing to the balance of Comparison.

By culture man may do all things, short of the miracle,—
Creation ;

Here is the limit of thy power,—here let thy pride be stayed :

The soil may be rich, and the mind may be active, but
neither yield unsown ;

The eye cannot make light, nor the mind make
spirit :

Therefore it is wise in man to name all novelty, invention ;

For it is to find out things that are, not to create the
unexisting ;

It is to cling to contiguities, to be keen in catching
likeness,

And with energetic elasticity to leap the gulfs of contrast.

The globe knoweth not increase, either of matter or
spirit ;

Atoms and thoughts are used again, mixing in varied
combinations ;

And though, by moulding them anew, thou makest them
thine own,

Yet have they served thousands, and all their merit is of
God.

OF RIDICULE AND LAUGHTER.

SEAMS of thought for the sage's brow, and laughing lines
 for the fool's face ;
 For all things leave their track in the mind ; and the
 glass of the mind is faithful.
 Seest thou much mirth upon the cheek ? there is then
 little exercise of virtue ;
 For he that looketh on the world, cannot be glad and
 good :
 Seest thou much gravity in the eye ? be not assured of
 finding wisdom ;
 For she hath too great praise, not to get many mimics.
 There is a grave-faced folly ; and verily, a laughter-
 loving wisdom ;
 And what, if surface-judges account it vain frivolity ?
 There is indeed an evil in excess, and a field may lie
 fallow too long ;

Yet merriment is often as a froth, that mantleth on the
strong mind :

And note thou this for a verity,—the subtlest thinker
when alone,

From ease of thoughts unbent, will laugh the loudest
with his fellows ;

And well is the loveliness of wisdom mirrored in a
cheerful countenance,

Justly the deepest pools are proved by dimpling
eddies,

For that, a true philosophy commandeth an innocent
life,

And the unguilty spirit is lighter than a linnet's
heart :

Yea, there is no cosmetic like a holy conscience ;

The eye is bright with trust, the cheek bloomed over
with affection,

The brow unwrinkled by a care, and the lip triumphant
in its gladness.

And for yon grave-faced folly, need not far to look for
her ;

How seriously on trifles dote those leaden eyes,

How ruefully she sigheth after chances long gone by,

How sulkily she moaneth over evils without cure !

I have known a true-born mirth, the child of innocence
and wisdom,

I have seen a base-born gravity, mingled of ignorance
and guilt ;

And again, a base-born mirth, springing out of careless-
ness and folly,

And again, a true-born gravity, the product of reflection
and right fear.

The wounded partridge hideth in a furrow, and a stricken
conscience would be left alone ;

But when its breast is healed, it runneth gladly with its
fellows :

Whereas the solitary heron, standing in the sedgy fen,
Holdeth aloof from the social world, intent on wiles and
death.

Need but of light philosophy to dare the world's dread
laugh ;

For a little mind courteth notoriety, to illustrate its
puny self :

But the sneer of a man's own comrades trieth the muscles
of courage,

And to be derided in his home is as a viper in the nest :
The laugh of a hooting world hath in it a notion of
sublimity,

But the tittering private circle stingeth as a hive of wasps.
Some have commended ridicule, counting it the test of
truth,⁽²⁾-

But neither wittily nor wisely ; for truth must prove
ridicule :

Otherwise a blunt bulrush is to pierce the proof armour
of argument,

Because the stolidity of ignorance took it for a barbed
shaft.

Softer is the hide of the rhinoceros than the heart of
deriding unbelief,

And truth is idler there, than the Bushman's feathered
reed :

A droll conceit parrieth a thrust, that should have hit
the conscience,

And the leering looks of humour tickle the childish
mind ;

For that the matter of a man is mingled most with
folly,

Neither can he long endure the searching gaze of
wisdom.

It is pleasanter to see a laughing cheek, than a serious
forehead,

And there liveth not one among a thousand, whose idol
is not pleasure.

Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong
mind ;

But common men are cowards, and dread an empty
laugh.

Fear a nettle, and touch it tenderly,—its poison shall
burn thee to the shoulder ;

But grasp it with bold hand,—is it not a bundle of
myrrh ?

Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools
enough to mock thee ;

But answer thou their laughter with contempt, and the
scoffers will lick thy feet.

OF COMMENDATION.

THE praise of holy men is a promise of praise from their
Master ;
A fore-running earnest of thy welcome,—Well done,
faithful servant ;
A rich prelude note, that droppeth softly on thine
ear,
To tell thee the chords of thy heart are in tune with the
choirs of heaven.
Yet is it a dangerous hearing, for the sweetness may lull
thee into slumber,
And the cordial quaffed with thirst may generate the
fumes of presumption.
So seek it not for itself, but taste, and go gladly on thy
way,
For the mariner slacketh not his sail, though the sandal
groves of Araby allure him ;

And the fragrance of that incense would harm thee, as
when, on a summer evening,
The honied yellow flowers of the broom oppress thy
charmed sense :
And a man hath too much of praise, for he praiseth
himself continually ;
Neither lacketh he at any time self-commendation or
excuse.

Praise a fool, and slay him ; for the canvass of his vanity
is spread ;
His bark is shallow in the water, and a sudden gust
shall sink it :
Praise a wise man, and speed him on his way ; for he
carrieth the ballast of humility,
And is glad when his course is cheered by the sympathy
of brethren ashore.
The praise of a good man is good, for he holdeth up the
mirror of Truth,
That Virtue may see her own beauty, and delight in her
own fair face ;
The praise of a bad man is evil, for he hideth the
deformity of Vice,
Casting the mantle of a queen around the limbs of a
leper.
Praise is rebuke to the man whose conscience alloweth
it not :

And where conscience feeleth it her due, no praise is
better than a little.

He that despiseth the outward appearance, despiseth the
esteem of his fellows ;

And he that overmuch regardeth it, shall earn only their
contempt :

The honest commendation of an equal no one can scorn,
and be blameless,

Yet even that fair fame no one can hunt for, and be
honoured :

If it come, accept it and be thankful, and be thou humble
in accepting,

If it tarry, be not cast down ; the bee can gather honey
out of rue :

And is thine aim so low, that the breath of those around
thee

Can speed thy feathered arrow, or retard its flight ?

The child shooteth at a butterfly, but the man's mark is
an eagle ;

And while his fellows talk, he hath conquered in the
clouds.

Ally thee to truth and godliness, and use the talents in
thy charge ;

So shall thou walk in peace, deserving, if not
having.

With a friend, praise him when thou canst ; for many a
friendship hath decayed,

Like a plant in a crowded corner, for want of sunshine
on its leaves :

With another, praise him not often,—otherwise he shall
despise thee ;

But be thou frugal in commending ; so will he give
honour to thy judgment :

For thou that dost so zealously commend, art acknow-
ledging thine own inferiority,

And he, thou so highly hast exalted, shall proudly look
down on thy esteem.

Wilt thou that one remember a thing ?—praise him in
the midst of thy advice ;

Never yet forgot man the word whereby he hath been
praised.

Better to be censured by a thousand fools, than approved
by but one man that is wise ;

For the pious are slower to help right, than the profane
to hinder it :

So, where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the
excellent,

And be suspicious of the good, which wicked men can
praise.

The captain bindeth his troop, not more by severity than
kindness,

And justly, should recompense well-doing, as well as be
strict with an offender ;

The laurel is cheap to the giver, but precious in his sight
who hath won it,
And the heart of the soldier rejoiceth in the approving
glance of his chief.
Timely-given praise is even better than the merited
rebuke of censure,
For the sun is more needful to the plant than the knife
that cutteth out a canker ;
Many a father hath erred, in that he hath withheld
reproof,
But more have mostly sinned, in withholding praise
where it was due ;
There be many such as Eli among men ; but these be
more culpable than Eli,
Who chill the fountain of exertion by the freezing looks
of indifference :
Ye call a man easy and good, yet he is as a two-edged
sword ;
He rebuketh not vice, and it is strong : he comforteth
not virtue, and it fainteth.
There is nothing more potent among men than a gift
timely bestowed ;
And a gift kept back where it was hoped, separateth
chief friends :
For what is a gift but a symbol, giving substance to
praise and esteem ?
And where is a sharper arrow than the sting of unme-
rited neglect ?

Expect not praise from the mean, neither gratitude from
the selfish ;

And to keep the proud thy friend, see thou do him not
a service ;

For, behold, he will hate thee for his debt : thou hast
humbled him by giving ;

And his stubbornness never shall acknowledge the good
he hath taken from thy hand :

Yea, rather will he turn and be thy foe, lest thou gather
from his friendship,

That he doth account thee creditor, and standeth in the
second place.

Still, O kindly feeling heart, be not thou chilled by the
thankless,

Neither let the breath of gratitude fan thee into
momentary heat :

Do good for good's own sake, looking not to worthiness
nor love ;

Fling thy grain among the rocks, cast thy bread upon
the waters,

His claim be strongest to thy help, who is thrown most
helplessly upon thee,—

So shalt thou have a better praise, and reap a richer
harvest of reward.

If a man hold fast to thy creed, and fit his thinking to
thy notions,

Thou shalt take him for a man right minded, yea, and
excuse his evil ;

But seest thou not, O bigot, that thy zeal is but a
hunting after praise,

And the full pleasure of a proselyte lieth in the flattering
of self ?

A man of many praises meeteth many welcomes,

But he, who blameth often, shall not keep a friend ;

The velvet-coated apricot is one thing, and the spiked
horse-chesnut is another,

A handle of smooth amber is pleasanter than rough buck-
horn.

Show me a popular man ; I can tell thee the secret of his
power ;

He hath soothed them with glozing words, lulling their
ears with flattery,

The smile of seeming approbation is ever the companion
of his presence,

And courteous looks, and warm regards, earn him all
their hearts.

Nothing but may be better, and every better might be
best ;

The blind may discern, and the simple prove, fault or
want in all things :

And a little mind looketh on the lily with a microscopic
eye,

Eager and glad to pry out specks on its robe of
purity;

But a great mind gazeth on the sun, glorying in his
brightness,

And taking large knowledge of his good, in the broad
prairie of creation :

What, though he hatch basilisks ? what, though spots
are on the sun ?

In fulness is his worth, in fulness be his praise !

OF SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

KNOWLEDGE holdeth by the hilt, and heweth out a road
to conquest ;

Ignorance graspeth the blade, and is wounded by its
own good sword :

Knowledge distilleth health from the virulence of
opposite poisons ;

Ignorance mixeth wholesomes unto the breeding of
disease :

Knowledge is leagued with the universe, and findeth a
friend in all things ;

But ignorance is everywhere a stranger ; unwelcome, ill
at ease, and out of place.

A man is helpless and unsafe up to the measure of his
ignorance,

For he lacketh perception of the aptitudes commending
such a matter to his use,

Clutching at the horn of danger, while he judgeth it the
handle of security,
Or casting his anchor so widely, that the granite reef is
just within the tether.
Untaught in science, he is but half alive, stupidly taking
note of nothing,
Or listening with dull wonder to the crafty saws of an
empiric ;
Simple in the world, he trusteth unto knaves ; and then,
to make amends for folly,
Dealeth so shrewdly with the honest, they cannot but
suspect him for a thief ;
With an unknown God, he maketh mock of reason,
fathering contrivance on chance,
Or doting with superstitious dread on some crooked
image of his fancy ;
But ignorant of Self, he is weakness at heart ; the key-
stone crumbleth into sand,
There is panic in the general's tent, the oak is hollow as
hemlock ;
Though the warm sap creepeth up its bark, filling out
the sheaf of leaves,
Though knowledge of all things beside add proofs of
seeming vigour,
Though the master-mind of the royal sage feast on the
mysteries of wisdom,

Yet ignorance of self shall bow down the spirit of a
Solomon to idols :

And the storm of temptation, sweeping by, shall snap
that oak like a reed,

And the proud luxuriance of its tufted crown drag it
the sooner to the dust.

Youth, confident in self, tampereth with dangerous
dalliance,

Till the vice his heart once hated hath locked him in her
foul embrace :

Manhood, through zeal of doing good, seeketh high place
for its occasions,

Unwitting that the bleak mountain-air will nip the tender
budding of his motives ;

Or painfully, for love of truth, he climbeth the ladder of
science,

Till pride of intellect heating his heart, warpeth it aside
to delusion :

The maiden, to give shadow to her fairness, plaiteth her
raven hair,

Heedlessly weaving for her soul the silken net of vanity :
The grey-beard looketh on his gold, till he loveth its
yellow smile,

Unconscious of the bright decoy which is luring his heart
unto avarice :

Wrath avoideth no quarrel, jealousy counteth its suspicions,

Pining envy gazeth still, and melancholy seeketh solitude,

The sensitive broodeth on his slights, the fearful poreth over horrors,

The train of wantonness is fired, the nerves of indecision are unstrung ;

Each special proneness unto harm is pampered by ignorant indulgence,

And the man, for want of warning, yieldeth to the apt temptation.

A smith at the loom, and a weaver at the forge, were but sorry craftsmen ;

And a ship that saileth on every wind never shall reach her port :

Yet there be thousands among men who heed not the leaning of their talents,

But, cutting against the grain, toil on to no good end ;

And the light of a thoughtful spirit is quenched beneath the bushel of commerce,

While meaner plodding minds are driven up the mountain of philosophy :

The cedar withereth on a wall, while the house-leek is fattening in a hot-bed,

And the dock with its rank leaves hideth the sun from
violets.

To everything a fitting place, a proper honourable use ;
The humblest measure of mind is bright in its humble
sphere :

The glow-worm, creeping in the hedge, lighteth her
evening torch,

And her far-off mate, on gossamer sail, steereth his course
by that star :

But ignorance mocketh at proprieties, bringing out the
glow-worm at noon ;

And setteth the faults of mediocrity in the full blaze of
wisdom.

Ravens croaking in darkness, and a skylark trilling to
the sun,

The voice of a screech-owl from a ruin, and the black-
bird's whistle in a wood,

A cushion-footed camel for the sands, and a swift rein-
deer for the snows,

A naked skin for Ethiopia, and rich soft furs for the Pole ;
In all things is there a fitness : discord with discord hath
its music ;

And the harmony of nature is preserved by each one
knowing his place.

The blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the halt
making for the goal,

The deaf ear tuning psaltery, the stammerer discoursing eloquence,—

What wonder if all fail ? the shaft flieth wide of the mark

Alike if itself be crooked, or the bow be strung awry ;
And the mind which were excellent in one way, but
foolishly toileth in another,

What is it but an ill-strung bow, and its aim a crooked arrow ?

By knowledge of self, thou provest thy powers ; put not
the racer to the plough,

Nor goad the toilsome ox to wager his slowness with the fleet :

Consider thy failings, heed thy propensities, search out
thy latent virtues,

Analyze the doubtful, cultivate the good, and crush the
head of evil ;

So shalt thou catch with quick hand the golden ball of
opportunity,

The warrior armed shall be ready for the fray, beside his
bridled steed :

Thou shalt ward off special harms, and have the sway of
circumstance,

And turn to thy special good the common current of
events :

Choosing from the wardrobe of the world, thou shalt
suitably clothe thy spirit,

Nor thrust the white hand of peace into the gauntlet of defiance :

The shepherd shall go with a staff, and conquer by sling and stone ;

The soldier shall let alone the distaff, and the scribe lay down the sword ;

The man unlearned shall keep silence, and earn one attribute of wisdom,

The sage be sparing of his lessons before unhearing ears.

Calm shalt thou be, as a lion in repose, conscious of passive strength,

And the shock that splitteth the globe, shall not unthrone thy self-possession.

Acquaint thee with thyself, O man ! so shalt thou be humble :

The hard hot desert of thy heart shall blossom with the lily and the rose ;

The frozen cliffs of pride shall melt, as an iceberg in the tropics ;

The bitter fountains of self-seeking be sweeter than the waters of the Nile.

But if thou lack that wisdom,—thy frail skiff is doomed, On stronger eddy whirling to the dreadful gorge :

Untaught in that grand lore,—thou standest, cased in steel,

To dare with mocking unbelief the thunderbolts of
heaven.

For look now around thee on the universe, behold how
all things serve thee ;

The teeming soil, and the buoyant sea, and undulatory
air,

Golden crops, and bloomy fruits, and flowers, and pre-
cious gems,

Choice perfumes and fair sights, soft touches and sweet
music :

For thee, shoaling up the bay, crowd the finny nations,
For thee, the cattle on a thousand hills live, and labour,
and die ;

Light is thy daily slave, darkness inviteth thee to
slumber ;

Thou art served by the hands of Beauty, and Sublimity
kneeleth at thy feet :

Arise, thou sovereign of creation, and behold thy glory !
Yet more, thou hast a mind ; intellect wingeth thee to
heaven,

Tendeth thy state on earth, and by it thou divest down
to hell ;

Thou hast measured the belt of Saturn, thou hast weighed
the moons of Jupiter,

And seen, by reason's eye, the centre of thy globe ;
Subtly hast thou numbered by billions the leagues be-
tween sun and sun,

And noted in thy book the coming of their shadows ;
With marvellous unerring truth, thou knowest to an inch
and to an instant,

The where and the when of the comet's path, that shall
seem to rush by at thy command :

Arise, thou king of mind, and survey thy dignity !

Yet more,—for once believe religion's flattering tale ;
Thou hast a soul, aye, and a God,—but be not therefore
humbled ;

Thy Maker's self was glad to live and die—a man ;
The brightest jewel in his crown is voluntary manhood :
By deep dishonour and great price, bought He that
envied freedom,

But thou wast born an heir of all, thy Master scarce
could earn.

O climax unto pride, O triumph of humanity,
O triple crown upon thy brow, most high and mighty
Self!

Arise, thou Lord of all, thou greater than a God !—
How saidst thou, wretched being ?—cast thy glance
within ;

Regard that painted sepulchre, the hovel of thy heart.
Ha ! with what fearful imagery swarmeth that small
chamber ;

The horrid eye of murder, scowling in the dark,
The bony hand of avarice, filching from the poor,
The lurid fires of lust, the idiot face of folly,

The sickening deed of cruelty, the foul fierce orgies of
the drunken,

Weak contemptible vanity, stubborn stolid unbelief,
Envy's devilish sneer, and the vile features of ingrati-
tude,—

Man, hast thou seen enough ? or are these full proof
That thou art a miracle of mercy, and all thy dignity is
dross ?

Well said the wisdom of earth, O mortal, know thyself ;
But better the wisdom of heaven, O man, seek thou thy
God :

By knowledge of self thou art conusant of evil, and
mailed in panoply to meet it ;

By knowledge of God cometh knowledge of good, and
universal love is at thy heart.

Every creature knoweth its capacities, running in the
road of instinct,

And reason must not lag behind, but serve itself of all
proprieties :

The swift to the race, and the strong to the burden, and
the wise for right direction ;

For self-knowledge filleth with acceptance its niche in
the temple of utility :

But vainly wilt thou look for that knowledge, till the
clue of all truth is in thy hand,

For the labyrinth of man's heart windeth in complicate
deceivings :

Thou canst not sound its depths with the shallow plumb-
line of reason,

Till religion, the pilot of the soul, have lent thee her
unfathomable coil :

Therefore, for this grand knowledge, and knowledge is
the parent of dominion,

Learn God, thou shalt know thyself ; yea, and shalt have
mastery of all things.

OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

SHAME upon thee, savage Monarch-man, proud monopolist of reason ;

Shame upon Creation's lord, the fierce ensanguined despot :

What, man ! are there not enough, hunger, and diseases and fatigue,—

And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another sorrow to existence ?

What ! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down suffering and death

On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must thou rack them with thy spite ?

The prodigal heir of creation hath gambled away his all,—
Shall he add torment to the bondage that is galling his
forfeit serfs ?

The leader in nature's pæan himself hath marred her psaltery,—

Shall he multiply the din of discord by overstraining all
the strings ?

The rebel hath fortified his strong-hold, shutting in his
vassals with him,—

Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged by oppression
from within ?

Thou twice-deformed image of thy Maker, thou hateful
representative of Love,

For very shame be merciful, be kind unto the creatures
thou hast ruined ;

Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thy sake,

Earth and her million tribes still writhe beneath thy
cruelty :

Liveth there but one among the million that shall not
bear witness against thee,

A pensioner of land or air or sea, that hath not whereof
it will accuse thee ?

From the elephant toiling at a launch, to the shrew-
mouse in the harvest-field,

From the whale which the harpioneer hath stricken, to
the minnow caught upon a pin,

From the albatross wearied in its flight, to the wren in
her covered nest,

From the death-moth and lace-winged dragonfly, to the
lady-bird and the gnat,

The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their
master cruel :

dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend ;

The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn
to even ;

The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the labouring ox
at plough ;

The speckled trout, basking in the shallow, and the
partridge, gleaning in the stubble,

And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the
wild bird pining in captivity,

And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy
comfort and thy pride,

Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.

Verily, they all are thine : freely mayst thou serve thee
of them all :

They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all
gratitude and kindness ;

Gratitude to their God and thine,—their Father and thy
Father,

Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with
their all :

For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying ; for burden,
but with limits of humanity ;

For luxury, but not through torture ; for draught, but
according to the strength :

For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a
reason for exemption,

Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the
undeserved lash ;

The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a
moment's respite ;
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out
his spirit at the goal :
Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,
If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them
to remembrance :
Behold, he is faint with hunger ; the big tear standeth in
his eye ;
His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath his
burden ;
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their
vigour,
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth
unequally with toil ;
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the
crushing blow ;
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings, — the
generous brute is dead !
Liveth there no advocate for him ? no judge to avenge
his wrongs ?
No voice that shall be heard in his defence ? no sentence
to be passed on his oppressor ?
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for
him ;
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at
his woes ;

Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon
the cruel ;

Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own
exceeding punishment.

The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth
by on the other side,

And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned.

OF FRIENDSHIP.

As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such
is self-interest to friendship ;

For Confidence cannot dwell where Selfishness is porter
at the gate.

If thou see thy friend to be selfish, thou canst not be sure
of his honesty ;

And in seeking thine own weal, thou hast wronged the
reliance of thy friend.

Flattery hideth her varnished face when friendship sitteth
at his board ;

And the door is shut upon suspicion, but candour is bid
glad welcome :

For friendship abhorreth doubt, its life is in mutual trust,
And perisheth, when artful praise proveth it is sought
for a purpose.

A man may be good to thee at times, and render thee
mighty service,

Whom yet thy secret soul could not desire as a friend ;
For the sum of life is in trifles, and though, in the
weightier masses,

A man refuse thee not his purse, nay his all in thine
utmost need,

Yet if thou canst not feel that his character agreeth with
thine own,

Thou never wilt call him friend, though thou render him
a heartful of gratitude.

A coarse man grindeth harshly the finer feelings of his
brother ;

A common mind will soon depart from the dull
companionship of wisdom ;

A weak soul darest not to follow in the track of vigour
and decision ;

And the worldly regardeth with scorn the seeming
foolishness of faith.

A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of
little matters,

And if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is
crumbled into dust.

Come, I will show thee a friend ; I will paint one worthy
of thy trust :

Thine heart shall not weary of him ; thou shalt not
secretly despise him.

Thou art long in learning him, in unravelling all his
worth ;

And he dazzleth not thine eyes at first, to be darkened
in thy sight afterward,

But riseth from small beginnings, and reacheth the
height of thy esteem.

He remembereth that thou art only man ; he expecteth
not great things from thee ;

And his forbearance toward thee silently teacheth thee
to be considerate unto him.

He despiseth not courtesy of manner, nor neglecteth the
decencies of life ;

Nor mocketh the failings of others, nor is harsh in his
censures before thee :

For so, how couldest thou tell, if he talketh not of thee
in ridicule ?

He withholdeth no secret from thee, and rejecteth not
thine in turn ;

He shareth his joys with thee, and is glad to bear part
in thy sorrows.

Yet one thing, he loveth thee too well to show thee the
corruptions of his heart :

For as an ill example strengtheneth the hands of the
wicked,

So to put forward thy guilt, is a secret poison to thy
friend.

For the evil in his nature is comforted, and he warreth
more weakly against it,

If he find that the friend whom he honoureth, is a man
more sinful than himself.

I hear the communing of friends ; ye speak out the
fulness of your souls,

And being but men, as men, ye own to all the sympathies
of manhood. (")

Confidence openeth the lips, indulgence beameth from the
eye,

The tongue loveth not boasting, the heart is made glad
with kindness :

And one standeth not as on a hill, beckoning to the
other to follow,

But ye toil up hand in hand, and carry each other's
burdens.

Ye commune of hopes and aspirations, the fervent
breathings of the heart,

Ye speak with pleasant interchange the treasured secrets
of affection,

Ye listen to the voice of complaint, and whisper the
language of comfort,

And as in a double solitude, ye think in each other's
hearing.

Choose thy friend discreetly, and see thou consider his
station,

For the graduated scale of ranks accordeth with the
ordinance of heaven :

If a low companion ripen to a friend, in the full sunshine
of thy confidence,

Know, that for old age thou hast heaped up sorrow :
For thou sinkest to that level, and thy kin shall scorn
thee,

Yea, and the menial thou hast pampered haply shall
neglect thee in thy death.

And if thou reachest up to high estates, thinking to herd
with princes,

What art thou but a footstool, though so near a throne ?
O rush among the lilies, be taught thou art a weed,
O briar among the cedars, hot contempt shall burn thee.
But thou, friend and scholar, select from thine own
caste,

And make not an intimate of one, thy servant or thy
master ;

For only friendship among men is the true republic,
Where all have equality of service, and all have freedom
of command :

And yet, if thou wilt take my judgment, be shy of too
much openness with any,

Lest thou repent hereafter, should he turn and rend
thee :

For many an apostate friend hath abused unguarded
confidence,

And bent to selfish ends the secret of the soul.

Absence strengtheneth friendship, where the last recol-
lections were kindly ;

But it must be good wine at the last, or absence shall
weaken it daily.

A rare thing is faith, and friendship is a marvel among
men,

Yet strange faces call they friends, and say they believe
when they doubt.

Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing
affection :

For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the
mind.

Be sparing of advice by words, but teach thy lesson by
example ;

For the vanity of man may be wounded, and retort un-
kindly upon thee.

There be some that never had a friend, because they
were gross and selfish ;

Worldliness, and apathy, and pride, leave not many that
are worthy ;

But one who meriteth esteem, need never lack a friend ;
For as thistledown flieeth abroad, and casteth its anchor
in the soil,

So philanthropy yearneth for a heart, where it may take
root and blossom.

Yet I hear the child of sensibility moaning at the wintry
cold,

Wherein the mists of selfishness have wrapped the
society of men :

He grieveth, and hath deep reasons; for falsehood hath
wronged his trust,

And the breaches in his bleeding heart have been filled
with the briars of suspicion.

For, alas, how few be friends, of whom charity hath
hoped well !

How few there be among men who forget themselves
for other !

Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his brethren as
rivals,

Masking envy with friendship, to serve his secret ends.

And the world, that corrupteth all good, hath wronged
that sacred name,

For it calleth any man friend, who is not known for an
enemy.

And such be as the flies of summer, while plenty sitteth
at thy board ;

But who can wonder at their flight from the cold denials
of want ?

Such be as vultures round a carcase, assembled together
for the feast ;

But a sudden noise scareth them, and forthwith are they
specks among the clouds.

There be few, O child of sensibility, who deserve to have
thy confidence ;

Yet weep not, for there are some, and such some live for
thee :

To them is the chilling world a drear and barren scene,
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find
they the occasion :

For, though no man excludeth himself from the high
capability of friendship,

Yet truly the man is a marvel whom truth can write a
friend.

OF LOVE.

THERE is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden
of the heart :
Its root lieth deep ; it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac
crocus of autumn :
Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn
and even ;
Memory and Absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings
of the south :
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in
the borders of Hope,
Its companions are gentle flowers, and the briar withereth
by its side.
I saw it budding in beauty ; I felt the magic of its
smile ;
The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped down and
kissed it ;

And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant
flower of Eden,

As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may flourish
in a kindly soil.

I saw, and asked not its name; I knew no language was
so wealthy,

Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo
within.

And yet what shall I say? Is a sordid man capable of—
Love?

Hath a seducer known it? Can an adulterer per-
ceive it?

Or he that seeketh strange women, can he feel its
purity?

Or he that changeth often, can he know its truth?

Longing for another's happiness, yet often destroying its
own;

Chaste, and looking up to God, as the fountain of ten-
derness and joy;

Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among rivers;

Lasting, and knowing not change—it walketh with
Truth and Sincerity.

Love:—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,

What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted
love !

For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to
Mind,

The heart's own-country music thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's
heart !.

Oh, call thou snake-eyed malice mercy, call envy honest
praise,

Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward treachery for
prudence,

Do homage to blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free
philosophy,

And estimate the recklessness of licence as the right
attribute of liberty,—

But with the world, thou friend and scholar, stain not
this pure name ;

Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the mean-
ness of desire :

For love is no more such, than seraphs' hymns are
discord,

And such is no more Love, than Etna's breath is sum-
mer.

Love is a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul,

A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dullness of
matter,

An angel-mind breathed into a mortal, though fallen, yet
how beautiful!

All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur.

Behold that pale geranium, pent within the cottage
window;

How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly long-
stalked leaves,

How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet
influences,

How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its wor-
ship!

Such is the soul that loveth; and so the rose-tree of
affection

Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes,

Its every blushing petal basketh in their light,

And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging on their
love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not
again;

If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no
more:

Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early
affection;

And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as
a reproachful spirit,
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the
heart,
Where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its
one oasis.

OF MARRIAGE.

SEEK a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of his providence;

Yet ask not in bold confidence that which he hath not promised.

Thou knowest not his good will:—be thy prayer then submissive thereunto;

And leave thy petition to his mercy, assured that He will deal well with thee.

If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth;

Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal; yea, though thou hast not seen her.

They that love early become like-minded, and the tempter toucheth them not:

They grow up leaning on each other, as the olive and the vine.

Youth longeth for a kindred spirit, and yearneth for a
heart that can commune with his own ;
He meditateth night and day, doting on the image of his
fancy.

Take heed that what charmeth thee is real, nor springeth
of thine own imagination ;
And suffer not trifles to win thy love ; for a wife is thine
unto death.

The harp and the voice may thrill thee,—sound may
enchant thine ear,
But consider thou, the hand will wither, and the sweet
notes turn to discord :

The eye, so brilliant at even, may be red with sorrow in
the morning ;
And the sylph-like form of elegance must writhe in the
crampings of pain.

O happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the
roses of love :

But beware, thou seem not to be holy, to win favour in
the eyes of a creature,
For the guilt of the hypocrite is deadly, and winneth
thee wrath elsewhere.

The idol of thy heart is as thou, a probationary sojourner
on earth ;

Therefore be chary of her soul, for that is the jewel in
her casket.

Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a
blessing to thy house,—

A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its
train :

Let her be an heir of heaven ; so shall she help thee on
thy way :

For those who are one in faith, fight double-handed
against evil.

Take heed, lest she love thee before God ; that she be not
an idolator :

Yet see thou that she love thee well ; for her heart is the
heart of woman ;

And the triple nature of humanity must be bound by a
triple chain,

For soul and mind and body,—godliness, esteem, and
affection.

How beautiful is modesty ! it winneth upon all
beholders :

But a word or a glance may destroy the pure love that
should have been for thee.

Affect not to despise beauty : no one is freed from its
dominion ;

But regard it not a pearl of price :—it is fleeting as the
bow in the clouds.

If the character within be gentle, it often hath its index
in the countenance :

The soft smile of a loving face is better than splendour
that fadeth quickly.

When thou choosest a wife, think not only of thyself,
But of those God may give thee of her, that they
reproach thee not for their being :

See that he hath given her health, lest thou lose her early
and weep :

See that she springeth of a wholesome stock, that thy
little ones perish not before thee :

For many a fair skin hath covered a mining disease,
And many a laughing cheek been bright with the glare
of madness.

Mark the converse of one thou lovest, that it be simple
and sincere ;

For an artful or false woman shall set thy pillow with
thorns.

Observe her deportment with others, when she thinketh
not that thou art nigh,

For with thee will the blushes of love conceal the true
colour of her mind.

Hath she learning ? it is good, so that modesty go with
it :

Hath she wisdom ? it is precious, but beware that thou
exceed ;

For woman must be subject, and the true mastery is of
the mind.

Be joined to thine equal in rank, or the foot of pride will
kick at thee ;

And look not only for riches, lest thou be mated with
misery :

Marry not without means ; for so shouldst thou tempt
Providence ;

But wait not for more than enough ; for marriage is the
DUTY of most men :

Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh
innocence and health,

And a well-assorted marriage hath not many cares.

In the day of thy joy consider the poor : thou shall reap
a rich harvest of blessing ;

For these be the pensioners of One who filleth thy cup
with pleasures :

In the day of thy joy be thankful : He hath well de-
served thy praise :

Mean and selfish is the heart, that seeketh Him only in
sorrow.

For her sake, who leaneth on thine arm, court not the
notice of the world,

And remember that sober privacy is comelier than public
display.

If thou marriest, thou art allied unto strangers ; see they
be not such as shame thee :

If thou marriest, thou leavest thine own ; see that it be
not done in anger.

Bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life, henceforward to
travel together,

In this the beginning of your journey, neglect not the
favour of Heaven :

Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many
prayers,

And at even-tide kneel ye together, that your joy be not
unhallowed ;

Angels that are round you shall be glad, those loving
ministers of mercy,

And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on
his favoured children.

Marriage is a figure and an earnest of holier things
unseen,

And reverence well becometh the symbol of dignity and
glory.

Keep thy heart pure; lest thou do dishonour to thy
state ;

Selfishness is base and hateful ; but love considereth not
itself.

The wicked turneth good into evil, for his mind is warped
within him :

But the heart of the righteous is chaste ; his conscience
casteth off sin.

If thou wilt be loved, render implicit confidence;
If thou wouldst not suspect, receive confidence in turn;
For where trust is not reciprocal, the love that trusted
withereth.

Hide not your grief nor your gladness; be open one with
the other;

Let bitterness be strange unto your tongues, but sympathy
a dweller in your hearts:

Imparting halveth the evils, while it doubleth the pleasures
of life,

But sorrows breed and thicken in the gloomy bosom of
Reserve.

Young wife, be not froward, nor forget that modesty
becometh thee:

If it be discarded now, who will not hold it feigned
before?

But be not as a timid girl,—there is honour due to thine
estate;

A matron's modesty is dignified; she blusheth not,
neither is she bold.

Be kind to the friends of thine husband, for the love they
have to him;

And gently bear with his infirmities: hast thou no need
of his forbearance?

Be not always in each other's company; it is often good
to be alone;

And if there be too much sameness, ye cannot but grow
weary of each other :

Ye have each a soul to be nourished, and a mind to be
taught in wisdom,

Therefore, as accountable for time, help one another to
improve it.

If ye feel love to decline, track out quickly the secret
cause ;

Let it not rankle for a day, but confess and bewail it
together :

Speedily seek to be reconciled, for love is the life of
marriage ;

And be ye copartners in triumph, conquering the peev-
ishness of self.

Let no one have thy confidence, O wife, saving thine
husband :

Have not a friend more intimate, O husband, than thy
wife.

In the joy of a well-ordered home, be warned that this is
not your rest ;

For the substance to come may be forgotten, in the
present beauty of the shadow.

If ye are blessed with children, ye have a fearful plea-
sure,

A deeper care and a higher joy ; and the range of your
existence is widened :

If God in wisdom refuse them, thank Him for an unknown mercy :

For how can ye tell if they might be a blessing or a curse ?

Yet ye may pray, like Hannah, simply dependent on his will :

Resignation sweeteneth the cup, but impatience dasheth it with vinegar.

Now this is the sum of the matter :—if ye will be happy in marriage,

Confide, love, and be patient : be faithful, firm, and holy.

OF EDUCATION.

A BABE in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a
messenger of peace and love ;

A resting place for innocence on earth ; a link between
angels and men :

Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back
with interest ;

A delight, but redolent of care ; honey-sweet, but lacking
not the bitter.

For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it
in unfolding,

And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the
hours of infancy :

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it
in the soil,

The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for
centuries to come ;

Even so mayst thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to
the marrings of evil,

For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first
impressions :

Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth for the
ear of reason,

Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh
Education.

Patience is the first great lesson ; he may learn it at the
breast ;

And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on
his mind in the cradle :

Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees
their kneeling ;

Let him see thee speaking to thy God ; he will not
forget it afterward :

When old and grey will he feelingly remember a
mother's tender piety,

And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest
the strong man in his sin.

Select not to nurse thy darling, one that may taint his
innocence,

For example is a constant monitor, and good seed will
die among the tares.

The arts of a strange servant have spoiled a gentle dis-
position :

Mother, let him learn of thy lips, and be nourished at thy breast.

Character is mainly moulded by the cast of the minds that surround it ;

Let then the playmates of thy little one be not other than thy judgment shall approve ;

For a child is in a new world, and learneth somewhat every moment,

His eye is quick to observe, his memory storeth in secret,

His ear is greedy of knowledge, and his mind is plastic as soft wax.

Beware then that he heareth what is good, that he feedeth not on evil maxims,

For the seeds of first instructions are dropt into the deepest furrows.

That which immemorial use hath sanctioned, seemeth to be right and true ;

Therefore, let him never have to recollect the time, when good things were strangers to his thought.

Strive not to centre in thyself, fond mother, all his love ;

Nay, do not thou so selfishly, but enlarge his heart for others :

Use him to sympathy betimes, that he learn to be sad with the afflicted ;

And check not a child in his merriment,—should not
his morning be sunny ?

Give him not all his desire, so shalt thou strengthen him
in hope ;

Neither stop with indulgence the fountain of his tears,
so shall he fear thy firmness.

Above all things graft on him subjection, : yea in the
veriest trifle ;

Courtesy to all, reverence to some, and to thee unanswering
obedience.

Read thou first, and well approve, the books thou givest
to thy child ;

But remember the weakness of his thought, and that
wisdom for him must be diluted :

In the honied waters of infant tales, let him taste the
strong wine of truth.

Pathetic stories soften the heart ; but legends of terror
breed midnight misery ;

Fairy fictions cram the mind with folly, and knowledge
of evil tempteth to like evil :

Be not loath to curb imagination, nor be fearful that
truths will depress it ;

And for evil, he will learn it soon enough ; be not thou
the devil's envoy.

Induce not precocity of intellect, for so shouldst thou
nourish vanity ;

Neither can a plant, forced in the hot-bed, stand against
the frozen breath of winter.

The mind is made wealthy by ideas, but the multitude
of words is a clogging weight :

Therefore be understood in thy teaching, and instruct to
the measure of capacity.

Analogy is milk for babes, but abstract truths are strong
meat ;

Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy
illustration winneth him :

In vain shalt thou preach of industry and prudence,
till he learn of the bee and the ant ;

Dimly will he think of his soul, till the acorn and the
chrysalis have taught him ;

He will fear God in thunder, and worship his loveliness
in flowers ;

And parables shall charm his heart, while doctrines
seem dead mystery :

Faith shall he learn of the husbandman, casting good
corn into the soil ;

And if thou train him to trust thee, he will not withhold
his reliance from the Lord.

Fearest thou the dark, poor child ? I would not have thee
left to thy terrors ;

Darkness is the semblance of evil, and nature regardeth
it with dread :

Yet know thy father's God is with thee still, to guard
thee :

It is a simple lesson of dependence ; let thy tost mind
anchor upon Him.

Did a sudden noise affright thee ? lo, this or that
hath caused it :

Things undefined are full of dread, and stagger stouter
nerves.

The seeds of misery and madness have been sowed in
the nights of infancy,

Therefore be careful that ghastly fears be not the night
companions of thy child.

Lo, thou art a land-mark on a hill ; thy little ones copy
thee in all things :

Let, then, thy religion be perfect ; so shalt thou be
honoured in thy house.

Be instructed in all wisdom, and communicate that thou
knowest,

Otherwise thy learning is hidden, and thus thou seemest
unwise.

A sluggard hath no respect ; an epicure commandeth not
reverence ;

Meanness is always despicable ; and folly provoketh
contempt.

Those parents are best honoured whose characters best
deserve it ;

Show me a child undutiful, I shall know where to look
for a foolish father :

Never hath a father done his duty, and lived to be
despised of his son.

But how can that son reverence an example he dare
not follow ?

Should he imitate thee in thine evil ? his scorn is thy
rebuke.

Nay, but bring him up aright, in obedience to God and
to thee ;

Begin betimes, lest thou fail of his fear ; and with judg-
ment, that thou lose not his love :

Herein use good discretion, and govern not all
alike,

Yet, perhaps, the fault will be in thee, if kindness prove
not all-sufficient :

By kindness, the wolf and the zebra become docile as the
spaniel and the horse ;

The kite feedeth with the starling, under the law of
kindness :

That law shall tame the fiercest, bring down the battle-
ments of pride,

Cherish the weak, control the strong, and win the fearful
spirit.

Be obeyed when thou commandest ; but command not
often :

Let thy carriage be the gentleness of love, not the stern
front of tyranny.

Make not one child a warning to another ; but chide the
offender apart :

For self-conceit and wounded pride rankle like poisons
in the soul.

A mild rebuke in the season of calmness, is better than a
rod in the heat of passion,

Nevertheless spare not, if thy word hath passed for
punishment ;

Let not thy child see thee humbled, nor learn to think
thee false ;

Suffer none to reprove thee before him, and reprove not
thine own purposes by change :

Yet speedily turn thou again, and reward him where
thou canst,

For kind encouragement in good cutteth at the roots of
evil.

Drive not a timid infant from his home, in the early
spring-time of his life,

Commit not that treasure to an hireling, nor wrench the
young heart's fibres ;

In his helplessness leave him not alone, a stranger among
strange children,

Where affection longeth for thy love, counting the
dreary hours ;

Where religion is made a terror, and innocence weepeth
unheard ;

Where oppression grindeth without remedy, and cruelty
delighteth in smiting.

Wherefore comply with an evil fashion ? Is it not to
spare thee trouble ?

Can he gather no knowledge at thy mouth ? Wilt thou
yield thine honour to another ?

What can he gain in learning, to equal what he loseth
in innocence ?

Alas, for the price above gold, by which such learning
cometh !

For emulative pride and envy are the specious idols of
the diligent,

Oaths and foul-mouthed sin burn in the language of the
idle :

Bolder in that mimic world of boys stareth brazen-fronted
vice,

Then thereafter in the haunts of men, where society doth
shame her into corners.

My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thy timid
infant unto sorrows.

There be many that say, We were happiest in days long
past,

When our deepest care was an ill-conned book,

And when we sported in that merry sunshine of our
life,

Sadness a stranger to the heart, and cheerfulness its gay inhabitant.

True, ye are now less pure, and therefore are more wretched :

But have ye quite forgotten how sorely ye travailed at your tasks,

How childish griefs and disappointments bowed down the childish mind ?

How sorrow sat upon your pillow, and terror hath waked you up betimes,

Dreading the strict hand of justice, that will not wait for a reason,

Or the whims of petty tyrants, children like yourselves,

Or the pestilent extract of evil poured into the ear of innocence ?

Behold the coral island, fresh from the floor of the Atlantic,

It is dinted by every ripple, and a soft wave can smooth its surface ;

But soon its substance hardeneth in the winds and tropic sun,

And weakly the foaming billows break against its adamantine wall :

Even thus, though sin and care dash upon the firmness of manhood,

The timid child is wasted most by his petty troubles;
And seldom, when life is mature, and the strength
 proportioned to the burden,
Will the feeling mind, that can remember, acknowledge
 to deeper anguish,
Than when, as a stranger and a little one, the heart first
 ached with anxiety,
And the sprouting buds of sensibility were bruised by
 the harshness of a school.
My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thy timid
 infant unto sorrows.
Yet there be boisterous tempers, stout nerves, and
 stubborn hearts,
And there is a riper season, when the mind is well
 disciplined in good,
And a time, when youth may be bettered by the
 wholesome occasions of knowledge,
Which rarely will it meet with so well, as among the
 congregation of his fellows.
Only for infancy, fond mother, rend not those first
 affections;
Only for the sensitive and timorous, consign not thy
 darling unto misery.

A man looketh on his little one, as a being of better
 hope;

In himself ambition is dead, but it hath a resurrection in
his son ;

That vein is yet untried,—and who can tell if it be not
golden ?

While his, well nigh worked out, never yielded aught
but lead :

And thus is he hurt more sorely, if his wishes are defeated
there,

He hath staked his all upon a throw, and lo ! the dice
have foiled him.

All ways, and at all times, men follow on in
flocks,

And the rife epidemic of the day shall tincture the
stream of education :

Fashion is a foolish watcher posted at the tree of know-
ledge,

Who plucketh its unripe fruit to pelt away the
birds ;

But, for its golden apples,—they dry upon the
boughs,

And few have the courage or the wisdom to eat in spite
of fashion :

One while, the fever is to learn, what none will be wiser
for knowing,

Exploded errors in extinct tongues, and occasions for
their use are small ;

And the bright morning of life, for years of mispent
time,
Wasted in following sounds, hath tracked up little
sense,
Till at noon a man is thrown upon the world, with a
mind expert in trifles,
Having yet everything to learn, that can make him
good or useful :
The curious spirit of youth is crammed with unwhole-
some garbage,
While starving for the mother's milk the breasts of
nature yield ;
And high-coloured fables of depravity lure with their
classic varnish,
While truth is holding out in vain her mirror much
despised.

Of olden time, the fashion was for arms, to make an
accomplished slayer,
And set gregarious man a-tilting with his fellows ;
Thereafter, occult sciences, and mystic arts, and
symbols,
How to exorcise a wizard, and how to lay a
ghost ;
Anon, all for gallantry and presence, the minuet, the
palfrey, and the foil,

And the grand aim of education was to produce a
coxcomb ;

Soon came scholastical dispute with hydra-headed
argument,

And the true philosophy of mind confounded in a
labyrinth of words ;

Then, the Pantheon, and its orgies, initiating docile
childhood,

While diligent youth strove hard to render his all unto
Cæsar ;

And now is seen the passion for utility, when all things
are accounted by their price,

And the wisdom of the wise is busied in hatching golden
eggs :

Perchance, not many moons to come, and all will again
be for abstrusity,

Unravelling the figured veil that hideth Egypt's
gods ;

Or in those strange Avatars seeking benignant
Vishnu,

Kali, and Kamala the fair, and much-invoked
Ganesa. (")

The mines of knowledge are oft laid bare through the
forked hazelwand of chance,

And in a mountain of quartz we find a grain of
gold.

Of a truth, it were well to know all things, and to learn
them all at once,

And what though mortal insufficiency attain to small
knowledge of any ?

Man loveth exclusions, delighting in the sterile trodden
path,

While the broad green meadow is jewelled with wild
flowers :

And whether is it better with the many to follow a
beaten track,

Than by eccentric wanderings to cull unheeded sweets ?

When his reason yieldeth fruit, make thy child thy
friend ;

For a filial friend is a double gain, a diamond set in
gold.

As an infant, thy mandate was enough, but now let him
see thy reasons ;

Confide in him, but with discretion ; and bend a willing
ear to his questions.

More to thee than to all beside, let him owe good counsel
and good guidance ;

Let him feel his pursuits have an interest, more to thee
than to all beside.

Watch his native capacities ; nourish that which suiteth
him the readiest ;

And cultivate early those good inclinations wherein thou
fearest he is most lacking :

Is he phlegmatic and desponding ? let small successes
comfort his hope :

Is he obstinate and sanguine ? let petty crosses accustom
him to life :

Showeth he a sordid spirit ? be quick, and teach him
generosity :

Inclineth he to liberal excess ? prove to him how hard it
is to earn.

Gather to thy hearth such friends as are worthy of
honour and attention ;

For the company a man chooseth is a visible index of
his heart :

But let not the pastor whom thou hearest be too much a
familiar in thy house,

For thy children may see his infirmities, and learn to
cavil at his teaching.

It is well to take hold on occasions, and render indirect
instruction ;

It is better to teach upon a system, and reap the wisdom
of books :

The history of nations yieldeth grand outlines ; of
persons, minute details :

Poetry is polish to the mind, and high abstractions
cleanse it.

Consider the station of thy son, and breed him to his
fortune with judgment :

The rich may profit in much which would bring small
advantage to the poor.

But with all thy care for thy son, with all thy strivings
for his welfare,

Expect disappointment, and look for pain : for he is of
an evil stock, and will grieve thee.

OF TOLERANCE.

A WISE man in a crowded street winneth his way with
gentleness,
Nor rudely pusheth aside the stranger that standeth in
his path ;
He knoweth that blind hurry will but hinder, stirring up
contention against him,
Yet holdeth he steadily right on, with his face to the
scope of his pursuit :
Even so, in the congress of opinions, the bustling
highway of intelligence,
Each man should ask of his neighbour, and yield to him
again concession.
Terms ill defined, and forms misunderstood, and customs,
where their reasons are unknown,
Have stirred up many zealous souls to fight against
imaginary giants :

But wisdom will hear the matter out, and often, by
 keenness of perception,
Will find in strange disguise the precious truth he
 seeketh ;
So he leaveth unto prejudice or taste the garb and the
 manner of her presence,
Content to see so nigh the mistress of his love.
There is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to a
 difference,
Yea, no two berries are alike, though twins upon one
 stem ;
No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in
 the forest, hath its counterpart,
No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the
 world unseen :
And therefore, if capacity and essence differeth alike with
 accident,
None but a bigot partizan will hope for impossible
 unity.
Wilt thou ensue peace, nor buffet with the waters of
 contention,
Wilt thou be counted wise, and gain the love of
 men,
Let unobtruded error escape the frown of censure,
Nor lift the glass of truth alway before thy fel-
 lows :

I say not compromise the right, I would not have thee
countenance the wrong,

But hear with charitable heart the reasons of an honest
judgment ;

For thou also hast erred, and knowest not when thou art
most right,

Nor whether to-morrow's wisdom may not prove thee
simple to-day :

Perchance thou art chiding in another what once thou
wast thyself ;

Perchance thou sharply reprovest what thou wilt be
hereafter.

A man that can render a reason, is a man worthy of an
answer ;

But he that argueth for victory, deserveth not the
tenderness of Truth.

Whiles a man liveth he may mend : count not thy
brother reprobate ;

When he is dead his chance is gone : remember not his
faults in bitterness.

A man, till he dieth, is immortal in thy sight ; and then
he is as nothing :

Make not the living thy foe, nor take weak vengeance of
the dead ;

For life is as a game of chess, where least causeth
greatest,

The wood-pigeon, on swift wing, leaveth its crop-full of grain,

The squirrel's jealous care planteth the fir-cone and the filbert :

Years pass, and the sterile rock is rank with tangled herbage ;

The wild-vine clingeth to the briar, and ivy runneth green among the corn,

Lordly beeches are studded on the down, and willows crowd around the rivulet,

And the tall pine and hazel-thicket shade the rambling school-boy.

Shall the rock boast of its fertility ? shall it lift the head in pride ?—

Shall the mind of man be vain of the harvest of its thoughts ?

The savage is that rock ; and a million chances from without,

By little and little acting on the mind, heap up the hotbed of society ;

And the soul, fed and fattened on the thoughts and things around it,

Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit of foreign seeds.

For we learn upon a hint, we find upon a clue,

We yield an hundred-fold ; but the great sower is
Analogy.

u

de

an

the

not thy

der not his

ht; and then

vengeance of

re least causeth

And an ill move bringeth loss, and a pawn may ensure
victory.

Dost thou suspect ? seek out certainty : for now, by self-
inflicted pain,

Or ill-directed wrath, thou wrongest thyself or thy
neighbour :

Suspicion is an early lesson, taught in the school of
experience,

Neither shalt thou easily unlearn it, though charity ply
thee with her preaching ;

Yet look thou well for reasons, or ever mistrust hath
marred thee,

Or fear curdled thy blood, or jealousy goaded thee to
madness ;

For a look, or a word, or an act, may be taken well or
ill,

As construed by the latitude of love, or the closeness of
cold suspicion.

Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the right
with falsehood :

And a prudent man will not lay siege to the strong hold
of ignorant bigotry.

To unsettle a weak mind were an easy inglorious
triumph,

And a strong cause taketh little count of the worthless
suffrage of a fool :

Lightly he held to the wrong, loosely will he cling to the right ;

Weakness is the essence of his mind, and the reed cannot yield an acorn.

Dogged obstinacy is oftentimes the buttress that proppeth an unstable spirit,

But a candid man blusheth not to own, he is wiser to-day than yesterday.

A man of a little wisdom is a sage among fools ;

But himself is chief among the fools, if he look for admiration from them.

A heresy is an evil thing, for its shame is its pride :

Its necessary difference of error is the character it most esteemeth :

Give a man all things short of liberty, thou shalt have no thanks,

And little wilt thou speed with thine opponent, by proving points he will concede.

The tost sand darkeneth the waves ; and clear had been the pages of truth,

Had not the glosses of men obscured the simplicity of faith.

In all things consider thine own ignorance, and gladly take occasion to be taught ;

But suffer not excess of liberality to neutralize thy mental independence.

The faults and follies of most men make their deaths a
gain ;

But thou also art a man, full of faults and follies :

Therefore sorrow for the dead, or none shall weep for
thee,

For the measure of charity thou dealest, shall be poured
into thine own bosom.

That which vexeth thee now, provoking thee to hate thy
brother,

Bear with it ; the annoyance passeth, and may not
return for ever :

The same combinations and results which aggravate thy
soul to-day,

May not meet again for centuries, in the kaleidoscope of
circumstance :

For men and matters change, new elements mixing in
continually,

And, as with chemical magic, the sour is transmuted into
sweetness.

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as
a foible,

And, lo, the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.

Thou canst not shape another's mind to suit thine own
body,

Think not, then, to be furnishing his brain with thy
special notions.

Charity walketh with a high step, and stumbleth not at
a trifle :

Charity hath keen eyes, but the lashes half conceal
them :

Charity is praised of all,—and fear not thou that
praise,

God will not love thee less, because men love thee
more. (*6)

OF SORROW.

I SAID, I will seek out sorrow, and minister the balm of
pity :
So I sought her in the house of mourning ; but peace
followed in her train.
Then I marked her brooding silently in the gloomy cavern
of Regret ;
But a sunbeam of heavenly hope gleamed on her folded
wing.
So I turned to the cabin of the poor, where famine dwelt
with disease ;
But the bed of the sick was smoothed, and the ploughman
whistled at his labour.
So I stopt, and mused within myself, to remember where
sorrow dwelt,
For I sought to see her alone, un comforted, uncom-
panion ed.

I went to the prison, but penitence was there and promise
of better times ;

I listened at the madman's cell, but it echoed with
deluded laughter.

Then I turned me to the rich and noble ; I noted the
sons of fashion :

A smile was on the languid cheek that had no commerce
with the heart ;

Unhallowed thoughts, like fires, gleamed from the
window of the eye,

And sorrow lived with those whose pleasures add unto
their sins.

His infancy wanted not guilt ; his life was continued
evil :

He drew in pride with his mother's milk, and a father's
lips taught him cursing.

I marked him as the wayward boy ; I traced the dissolute
youth :

I saw him betray the innocent, and sacrifice affection to
his lust.

I saw him the companion of knaves, and a squanderer of
ill-got gain,

I heard him curse his own misery, while he hugged the
chains that galled him ;

For well had experience declared the bitterness of guilty
pleasure,

But habit, with its iron net, involved him in its folds.
Behind him lowered the thunder-storm, which the caldron
 of his wickedness had brewed ;
Before him was the smooth steep cliff, whose base is ruin
 and despair.
So he rushed madly on, and tried to forget his being :
The noisy revel and the low debauch, and fierce excitement of play,
With dreary interchange of palling pleasures filled the
 dull round of existence :
Memory was to him as a foe, so he flew for false solace
 to the wine-cup,
And stunned his enemy at even ; but she rent him as a
 giant in the morning.

I turned aside to weep ; I lost him a little while :
I looked, and years had past ; he was hoar with the
 winter of his age.
And what was now his hope ? where was the balm for his
 sadness ?
The memory of the past was guilt : the feeling of the
 present, remorse.
Then he set his affections on gold, he worshipped the
 shrine of Mammon,
And to lay richer gifts before his idol, he starved his own
 bowels ;

So, the youth spent in profligacy, ended in the gripings
of want :

The miser grudged himself husks to take deeper
vengeance of the prodigal.

And I said, this is sorrow ; but pity cannot reach it.

This is to be wretched indeed, to be guilty without
repentance.

OF JOY.

My soul was sickened within me, so I sought the
dwelling-place of Joy :

And I met it not in laughter ; I found it not in wealth
or power ;

But I saw it in the pleasant home, where religion
smiled upon content,

And the satisfied ambition of the heart rejoiced in the
favour of its God.

Behold the happy man, his face is rayed with pleasure,
His thoughts are of calm delight, and none can know his
blessedness :

I have watched him from his infancy, and seen him in
the grasp of death,

Yet, never have I noted on his brow the cloud of
desponding sorrow.

He hath knelt beside his cradle ; his mother's hymn
lulled him to sleep :

In childhood he hath loved holiness, and drank from
that fountain-head of peace.

Wisdom took him for her scholar, guiding his steps in
purity :

He lived unpolluted by the world ; and his young heart
hated sin.

But he owned not the spurious religion engendered of
faction and moroseness,

Neither were the sproutings of his soul seared by the
brand of superstition.

His love is pure and single, sincere, and knoweth not
change ;

For his manhood hath been blest with the pleasant
choice of his youth :

Behold his one beloved, she leaneth on his arm,

And he looketh on the years that are past, to review the
dawn of her affection.

Memory is sweet unto him, as a perfect landscape to the
sight ;

Each object is lovely in itself, but the whole is the
harmony of nature.

Behold his little ones around him, they bask in the
warmth of his smile ;

And infant innocence and joy lighten their happy
faces ;

He is holy, and they honour him : he is loving, and they
love him :

He is consistent, and they esteem him ; he is firm, and they fear him.

His friends are the excellent among men ; and the bands of their friendship are strong ;

His house is the palace of peace : for the Prince of Peace is there.

As the wearied man to his couch, as the thoughtful man to his musings,

Even so, from the bustle of life, he goeth to his well-ordered home.

And though he often sin, he returneth with weeping eyes :

For he feeleth the mercies of forgiveness, and gloweth with warmer gratitude.

Thus did he walk in happiness, and sorrow was a stranger to his soul ;

The light of affection sunned his heart, the tear of the grateful bedewed his feet,

He put his hand with constancy to good, and angels knew him as a brother,

And the busy satellites of evil trembled as at God's ally :

He used his wealth as a wise steward, making him friends for futurity ;

He bent his learning to religion, and religion was with him at the last :

For I saw him after many days, when the time of his
release was come,
And I longed for a congregated world, to behold that
dying saint.
As the aloe is green and well-liking, till the last best
summer of its age,
And then hangeth out its golden bells, to mingle glory
with corruption ;
As a meteor travelleth in splendour, but bursteth in
dazzling light ;
Such was the end of the righteous : his death was the
sun at his setting.

Look on this picture of joy, and remember that portrait
of sorrow :
Behold the beauty of holiness, behold the deformity of
sin ?
How long, ye sons of men, will ye scorn the words of
wisdom ?
How long will ye hunt for happiness in the caverns that
breed despair ?
Will ye comfort yourselves in misery, by denying the
existence of delight,
And from experience in woe, will ye reason that none
are happy ?
Joy is not in your path, for it loveth not that bleak broad
road,

But its flowers are hung upon the hedges that line a
narrower way ;
And there the faint travellers of earth may wander and
gather for themselves,
To soothe their wounded hearts with balm from the
amaranths of heaven

ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

NOTES.

(¹) "*And thine enfranchised fellows hail thy white victorious sails.*"

Page 20.

SEE the story of Theseus, as detailed in Dryden's translation of Plutarch, Life I.

(²) "*Who hath companied a vision from the horn or ivory gate?*"

Page 24.

Virg. *Æn.* VI. 894—897.

"Sunt geminæ somni portæ : quarum altera fertur
Cornea ; qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris ;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto ;
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia Manes."

(³) "*The sea-wort floating on the waves,*" &c. Page 31.

The common sea-weeds on the shores of Europe, the algæ and fuci, after having, for ages, been considered as synonymous for everything vile and worthless, have, in modern times, been found to be abundant in iodine, the only known cure for scroful, and kelp, so useful in many manufactures. Horace has signal-

ized his ignorance of this fact, in Od. III. 17, 10, "algâ inutili," &c. ; and, in II. Sat. 5, 8, ironically saying, that " ——— virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algâ est." Virgil also has put into the mouth of Thyrsis, in Ecl. VII. 42.

" ——— Projectâ vilior algâ."

(4) "*Hath the crocus yielded up its bulb,*" &c. Page 32.

The autumnal crocus, or colchicum, which consists of little more than a deep bulbous root, and a delicate lilac flower, (see page 258,) produces a substance which is called veratrin, and has been used with signal success in the cure of gout and similar diseases. A few lines lower down, with reference to the elm, I would remark, that no use has yet been discovered in the principle called "ulmine."

"The boon of far Peru" is the potatoe.

(5) "*When acorns give out fragrant drink,*" &c. Page 33.

At a meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society, (in 1837,) the President introduced to the notice of the members a new beverage which very much resembled coffee, and was made from acorns peeled, chopped, and roasted. Bread made from sawdust is certainly not palatable, but no one can doubt that it is far more sweet and wholesome than "no bread;" in a famine, this discovery, which has passed almost *sub silentio*, would prove to be of the highest importance. The darnel, it may be observed in passing, is highly poisonous, and a proper opposite to the lotus.

(6) "*He, who seeming old in youth,*" &c. Page 45.

Compare Is. lii. 14, "His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men," with the idea im-

plied in the observation, John, viii. 57; "Thou art not yet *fifty years* old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" Our Lord was then thirty-three, or according to some chronologists even younger.

(7) "*A sentence hath formed a character, and a character subdued a kingdom.*" Page 53.

A better instance of this could scarcely be found than in the late Lord Exmouth, who first directed his thoughts to the sea from a casual remark made by a groom. See his Life.

(8) "*That small cavern,*" &c. Page 57.

The pineal gland, a small oval about the size of a pea, situated nearly in the centre of the brain, and generally found to contain, even in children, some particles of gravel. Galen, and after him Des Cartes, imagined it the seat of the soul.

(9) "*The Greek hath surnamed ORDER.*" Page 71.

Κόσμος: The Latins also, who rarely can show a beautiful idea which they have not borrowed from Greece, have made a similar application of the term "*mundus,*" to the fabric of the world.

(10) "*To th's our day, the Rechabite wanteth not a man,*" &c. Page 84.

I have heard it related of Wolfe, the missionary, that when in Arabia, he fell in with a small wandering tribe who refused to drink wine, not on Mohammedan principles, but, because it had in old time been "forbidden by Jonadab, the son of Rechab, their father." Compare Jeremiah, xxxv. 19, "Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." It will be found in Mr. Wolfe's Journal.

"*Proteus*," &c. Page 100.

Compare Virgil. *Geor.* IV. 406, 412.

"Tum variæ eludent species atque ora ferarum.
Fiet enim subito sus horridus, atraque tigris,
Squamosusque draco, et fulvâ cervice lææna;
Aut acrem flammæ sonitum dabit, atque ita vinclis
Excidet; aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit.
Sed, quanto ille magis formas se vertet in omnes,
Tanto, nate, magis contendit tenacia vincla."

(12) "*We wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the end will be.*"
Page 106.

In allusion to the well-known anecdote of Solon at the court of Cræsus.

(13) "*Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of earth.*" Page 139.

See Rev. iv. 3, "There was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald:" it may be a fanciful, but it is a pleasing idea, that this emerald rainbow was, as it were, a reflection of the earth, which "God so loved," and whose universal robe is green.

(14) "*Like the Parthian.*" Page 157.

Compare Horace, *Od.* I. 19, 12, "*Versis animosum equis Parthum*," and Virg. *Geo.* III. 31, "*Parthus fidens fugâ, versisque sagittis*," with Psalm lxxviii. 9, "The children of Ephraim carrying bows, who turned themselves back in the day of battle."

(¹⁵) "*The giant king of palms.*" Page 158.

The magnificent Talipat palm, the column of which frequently exceeds one hundred feet in height, whose leaves are each thirty feet in breadth, and whose single crop of fruit feasts a whole country.

(¹⁶) "*It is only the band of the redeemed who can tell thee the fulness of that name.*" Page 166.

Strictly speaking, only a fallen being is capable of *re-ligion*, a bringing or binding *back* of the affections to their proper object. An angel, or other pure intelligence, can have no sympathies with the fallen, as such, and therefore can know nothing of *re-ligion*, as such ; his worship is allegiance or ligeance.

(¹⁷) "*Of a Trinity.*" Page 168.

The candid reader, who dissents from the doctrine of the Trinity, will have the goodness to remember, that the question itself stands on far other and higher grounds than those of mere analogy: this observation is made in case the slight argument here urged should seem weak and unsatisfactory to a reflective mind: it is nothing more than an addition, *pro lucro*. It does not at all affect the argument that the three elements of all things should be now unknown, or unsuspected. The idea thrown out may one day be found to be correct; and in fact it will be very difficult to prove the contrary, inasmuch as to an assertion of its falsity, "ready answer cometh,"—wait until we know more.

(18) "*The noonday light is a compound, the triune shadow of Jehovah.*"

Page 171.

The rainbow, which is light analyzed, is but three colours, blue, yellow, and red, with their intermediate shades. I think no one of these three can be mixed or made of others, and in their union, they produce colourless light.

(19) "*Upon whose lips the mystic bee,*" &c. Page 193.

The classical reader will not need to be reminded of the omen that happened to the infant Pindar.

(20) "*Let another Omar burn the full library of knowledge.*"

Page 198.

The Alexandrian library, compiled by Ptolemy Euergetes, contained 700,000 manuscripts, all of which were burnt by the fanatical calif Omar.

(21) "*The strange skin garments cast upon the shore suggest another hemisphere.*" Page 216.

An anecdote I have somewhere heard of Columbus, who, having sailed as far as Flores, one of the western islands, was induced to proceed further, from hearing that savage robes and weapons had been cast up by the sea, after the prevalence of westerly gales. It will probably be met with in Washington Irving's Life of Columbus.

(22) "*The lichen . . . dying, diggeth its own grave.*" Page 217.

One of the great uses of these pioneers of vegetation is to corrode and fret the smooth face of rocks, by an acid which they generate during decomposition.

(²³) "*Ridicule—the test of truth.*" Page 223.

One of the weakest points in the Shaftesbury philosophy, which would weigh principles against puns.

(²⁴) "*And being but men, as men, ye own to all the sympathies of manhood.*" Page 253.

The noble and masculine sentiment of Terence, which of old electrified the whole theatre :

"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

(²⁵) "*Ganesa.*" Page 285.

The elephant-headed god of prudence, who is invoked on every occasion by the Hindoos. Kali, called also Durga, is a destroying power. Kamala signifies "lotus-like," a type of beauty, and one of the names of Lakshmi. Vishnu is the great Preserver in the Brahmin triad : his incarnations are called Avatars.

(²⁶) "*God will not love thee less, because men love thee more.*"
Page 295.

It may be scarcely necessary to remark, that the gist of the argument in Matt. v. 11, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you," lies in the "*falsely*, for my sake." This verse has all the characteristics of an epigram,—paradox, brevity, and final satisfaction.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY JOSEPH RICKERDY,
SHERRBOURN LANE



